THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

September, 1805.

LADY HARRINGTON.

[With a beautiful Portrait.]

JANE, eldest daughter and co-heir of Sir John Le Fleming, and sister of Sir Michael Le Fleming, Bart. of the county of Middlesex, was married May 22, 1779, to Charles Stanhope, EARL OF HARRINGTON, Viscount Petersham, and Baron Harrington, and Colonel of the first regiment of Life-Guards, soon after he succeeded to the title by the death of his father. The following statement of the illustrious issue of this fruitful union will be gratifying to our readers:

1.	Charles, Viscount Petersham,	born April,	1781.
2.	Lincoln-Edward-Robert,	born Nov.	1782.
3.	Anna-Maria,	born Sept.	1783.
4.	Leicester,	born in	1784.
5.	Fitzroy,	born in	1788.
6.	Francis,	born in	1789.
7.	Henry,	born in	1790.
8.	Caroline,	born in	1791.
9.	Charlotte-Augusta,	born in	1792.
10.	Augustus,	born in	1794.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXXXV.

THOUGH, on the whole, I have professed myself partial to the existing modes of dress, and to that amiable freedom of manners, which distinguishes modern female society, I have, on all occasions, and ever must, enter my caveat against the present superficial system of education, which, if persevered in, will reduce young ladies to the situation of dolls and puppets: they will be formed to look at, but not to be spoken to, by any person of sense or understanding.

It would be ridiculous to suppose, that the example which I am about to produce in confirmation of my sentiments, is a solitary instance of time wasted, and of application misplaced: No; in almost every family, my portrait, which is drawn from the life, will have its copies; and if the likeness is not exact in every feature, there will be at least such a general similitude, that every unprejudiced mind will confess the affinity of kindred.

Having lately paid a visit in a very agreeable family, consisting of a widow and two daughters, both arrived at the age of maturity, and both educated by herself, I had an opportunity of frequently seeing at their house, a young lady whom I shall call Miss Biddy Tittup. She was spending the Midsummer vacation at her father's, a man of small independent fortune, residing in the same village with my friends; and having no sister, or other female companion, above the rank of a servant, to associate with, she was frequently invited, out of compassion, to be one of our party, whether we were reading, working, or walking. By these means I had an opportunity of knowing all her acquirements, and of learning the fashionable modes of education: for though I had been engaged in this line myself many years ago,

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times and customs are so much altered, that I ought to consider myself, if estimated on the present scale, rather as a novice than a teacher.

Miss Biddy was a sprightly girl of fifteen, not deficient in sense, and not unwilling to learn; but I found, to my astonishment, that she was as ignorant of every thing truly valuable, as the child just emerging from the nursery. I soon discovered, that, in the very fashionable boarding-school where she had been placed, (and it really was fashionably filled!) French, music, drawing, dancing, and dressing, were the sole objects of attention, and the only passports to distinction. A female who had made a tolerable proficiency in these, might be considered as graduated; and perhaps they are just as useful in the common concerns of life, as the seven arts and sciences, for which universities confer degrees on youth of the other sex. Be this as it may, the utmost skill and perfection in all the branches of female education I have just named, when weighed in the balance of utility, are of small value; and how worthless must they appear, when such of them as it is not discreditable to know, and to practise well, are only superficially taught, and more superficially acquired! Biddy had got by heart a few French phrases, which she threw out on all occasions, with a *patois* and vulgar accent; but she was wholly ignorant of the principles and construction of the language; and knew no more of the best writers in it, than if she had been brought up in Caffraria. No! the business of her teacher was to give her a stock of words, which she could produce on occasion; and in doing this, it was thought enough had been accomplished. Only *three* hours a week, however, were devoted to this study; and as she had not been learning above *three* years, I allowed that she might have some shadow of excuse for knowing so little.

I next tried to appreciate her skill in music—divine music! which, according to her own confession, had employed her, with or without a master at her

elbow, no less than *three* hours *every day*, for the last *five* years. Here I naturally expected to find her a proficient, and an adept. But the poor thing, like thousands who are doomed to the piano and the harp, had no ear: she could mechanically fly over the strings and the keys, but she produced only a chaos: she neither enjoyed it herself, nor was capable of communicating pleasure to others. Indeed, of all the absurdities into which mankind have fallen on the subject of education, I think the waste of time and health on music, unless where it is intended to be a profession, is one of the greatest. It is only during a few years in a woman's life, that it is esteemed decorous to play or to sing, any more than it is to dance; and how contemptible must that accomplishment be, which must be acquired at the expense of solid learning, and then cannot be practised above ten or twelve years at the utmost, without the sense of impropriety. Yet so great is the infatuation, and so universal the rage, for music, that going the other day into an honest tinman's shop, where the hammers were making *charming* music, I could see his daughter in a back parlour, beating the keys of an old harpsichord, as if she had been contending with the noise made by her father's journeymen. Indeed, every where Miss must learn music; and from the humble shopkeeper's daughter to the Duke's, one common system in this respect applies to all. Whatever may be said of the Italians, as being a nation of fiddlers, we are at least as bad, and even worse; because we have neither the taste nor the temptation to learn music that they have. They derive a living from the follies of others; we spend our time and our money in making ourselves fools.

But to return to my examination of Miss Biddy's school accomplishments. Having collected some native flowers in one of my walks, which I wished to examine botanically, I asked our visitor to do me the favor to draw and color one of them, which I considered as rather curious. "I, Madam! draw a flower!

flower! Why my master only gave me sketches of ruins and waterfalls, and such kind of things to copy: I never yet took any object from nature." "And how long," replied I, "have you been studying drawing?" "Only two years," was her answer. "Very well," said I: "in two years more, should you continue practising, I hope you will be able to paint flowers, shells, or animals, from nature." "I do not know, Ma'am; but I shall be happy to try." The girl certainly had some taste for drawing; but she had never been taught the first principles of perspective.

A little hop, given by my friends for the amusement of the small circle to which they belonged, furnished me with an opportunity of judging of Miss Biddy's execution in dancing. She, indeed, knew all the fashionable steps, and held herself gracefully enough; but the same want of ear as rendered her incapable of being a good musician, prevented her also from dancing in time; and she was frequently performing one part of the figure, when the music pointed to another.

As for dressing, she appeared to be a very apt scholar; and, to her father's cost, shewed that she understood it to the full. But she made no distinction of time and place; and therefore was at once extravagant and ridiculous. She dressed in the morning in the same style as in the afternoon; at home, as when she was going abroad; and thus having neither judgment nor economy, she was always in want of something new; and never appeared to half the advantage as they do, who occasionally, and only on proper occasions, put on their best apparel, and likewise know when to pull it off.

Such is an impartial description of Miss Biddy Tittup's scholastic acquirements. I do assure my young readers, I have not exaggerated in the least; and, from the observations I have made, it would be more difficult to find one different than a thousand counterparts. All agree that education is a good

thing; but few know how to define its proper objects, or to acquire them, if ascertained. This applies equally to the male and to the female sex: the Greek and Latin of the one, in the common walks of life, are not more useless than the music and drawing of the other. Real accomplishments must be such as possess a real and practical value, not such as are acquired with difficulty, and neglected or useless, as soon as they are gained.

In my opinion, (but I am sensible my notions are antiquated,) the business of education consists in teaching us our duty to God, our neighbour, and ourselves; in enabling us to discharge the relative duties with more effect; and to perform our allotted offices in life, with credit and satisfaction. If it falls short of this, the parent and preceptor have neglected their trust; and whatever specious qualities they may have given to their children and pupils, they have assuredly failed in essentials, and will be answerable for their neglect at a higher bar than that of fashionable taste.

AMANDA.

A FRAGMENT.

THE lovely and fascinating Amanda had attained her seventeenth year, when her mother, who had for some time been in a declining state of health, called her to her bed side, and, with a serene and placid countenance, spoke to the following effect:

"My dear, and beloved child, I perceive myself grow very feeble, and sinking fast into the arms of Death; and have summoned you, my dear daughter, to attend the last counsel and advice of an affectionate and dying mother. You have not had the advantage of being so well instructed as you would have been, had your poor father been living: but it pleased the Almighty to call him hence, ere you had seen the light. He was the tenderest and best of husbands; but having united himself against his father's inclination and consent, to thy now almost expiring mother,

ther, he never would be reconciled; but, by the interference and persuasion of some of his friends, the mercenary and avaricious man allowed him an annual stipend of one hundred pounds for life; which, alas! was soon restored to his inveterate parent; for the anguish he felt at his father's inclemency, together with a lingering and severe illness, soon broke the strings of life asunder. Since his demise, myself, as you know, and this good old servant, (pointing to a faithful domestic, who sat weeping in a corner of the room,) have, by our own industry, added to the beneficence of the good and generous Lord C——, been enabled to obtain a comfortable maintenance, with credit to ourselves; and to bestow on you what little education you have attained. However small the acquirement, I trust the precepts I have ever endeavoured to instil into your youthful bosom, will serve as a support, and shield, when distresses invade you; and which, sooner or later, are generally met with in the thorny and rugged paths of life. My crosses and afflictions have been severe and numerous; I am therefore the more capable of instructing you to guard against them. But, above all, my child, what I would most strenuously caution you to contend against, is flattery; and very few there are of our sex, I am sorry to observe, who have either the power, or the will, to restrain from drinking deep of the infection. Be assured, the sting of venal praise is venomous." The good and tender mother here became quite exhausted, and could proceed no further: her head sunk gently on her pillow, and her eyes closed in death. It were impossible to describe the sincere distress, which was depicted very visibly, in the countenances of the poor orphan, and the faithful attendant. The sorrowing Amanda, overwhelmed with grief at what appeared so sudden a transition from life to death, refused all consolation; and at length, in the deepest anguish and despair, sunk insensible on the floor. About this time (as was his custom when he took his morning ride that way)

Lord C—— called, to make inquiry after the health of Amanda's mother; and was ushered by the servant into the room where lay the corpse of her beloved mistress, and the still inanimate and beautiful form, of the tender and affectionate Amanda. Such a spectacle could not but sensibly affect the worthy and honorable Peer: the tears started from his eyes, and rolled down his benevolent and expressive countenance. Some time elapsed before Amanda recovered sufficiently to perceive the exertions made by her noble visitant to restore her. She then prostrated herself at his feet, and clasping his knees, poured forth those grateful effusions which the presence of so generous a benefactor inspired. Lord C—— was excessively affected at the pathetical expressions which flowed from the lovely orphan; and his sensibility being too great for him to express, he tore himself from her; and, in the course of an hour, returned in his own carriage, to convey Amanda, and her faithful servant, to Morland Hall; where he introduced them to his worthy and bountiful lady. Lord C—— then took upon himself the management of the funeral of Amanda's mother, whilst the poor orphan was bewailing her irretrievable loss in her solitary chamber. On the fourth day, every thing being in readiness for the funereal rites to be performed, Amanda accompanied Lord C—— (who, out of pure respect for the deceased, became chief mourner) to her once happy and maternal cot. When they entered the room, where was laid out on the bier the corpse of her dear deceased mother, the lovely and affectionate daughter, for the last time, kissed her clay-cold lips; and she beheld her dear mother interred with that christian piety, fortitude, and resignation, which so truly denote the great and expanded mind; and which would have become one more experienced than the charming Amanda. On their return to the cot, after paying the last sad duties to a deceased mother and friend, they discerned an elegant equipage, which appeared just arrived; and

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as soon as they entered the house, Amanda beheld, with astonishment, the likeness of her mother in the countenance of the gentleman who now advanced to pay them his respects. He was uncle to the charming Amanda, who had landed a few days before from the West Indies, after an absence of twenty-five years. She ejaculated, "Oh Heavens! had my poor mother but lived!"——then swooned in the arms of her dear long-lost relative. E. J—N.

ON VERACITY.

WHY is it that in an age in which so many profess to search after truth, so much falsehood appears? Why is it, but that mens' real characters are not what they seem? Oh! Nature, how art thou perverted by fashion, by folly, and by imitation! For I am convinced that, was a child never to see bad practices, it could have no idea of committing them: it is the duplicity of their nurses, together with their bad management, first leads them to tell untruths: for while their intellectual faculties are yet unimproved, they are led to it by the occurrences they daily witness; such as breaking china, for instance, for which they are, perhaps, severely corrected; and, consequently, the next time such an accident happens, they, through fear, deny the crime; whereas, were they reasoned with, instead of being used unkindly, they would own their fault, and be more careful in future; and as their powers of reasoning improved, they would be above every species of falsehood. This, and similar treatment in infancy, leads them into a train of duplicity, which too often tinctures their future life: and I think the present mode of compliments, such as invitations, without any meaning, but a wish of being thought polite, leads thereto. How pernicious, likewise, are common tale-bearers to the minds of youth! who, by way of entertainment, traduce their neighbours, and too often deprive them of what ought to be most dear to them —their

—their characters: and for what? merely because they envy what they cannot attain to. This is so prevailing an evil, it ought to be abolished in the rising generation as much as possible: and I know of no way so likely to do it, as parents carefully watching over their children, and keeping them in the way of truth: but this must be done by setting them an example; and, instead of retailing the foibles of their neighbours, whenever they speak of them, to notice only their good qualities; for there are few so vicious as to be entirely without them. This would naturally lead them to detest detraction, and would give them so high an idea of human nature, that, as their intellectual faculties expanded, they would naturally strive to emulate what appears so gratifying; for I must assert, (and I have the authority of one of our best writers, as well as men, along with me,) that human nature, were it not polished like Sterne's shillings, and rubbed into the fashion of the world, would be what it originally was intended—the image of the Divine Maker; and *truth* would shine in every action: but while we delight in versatility, and are turned about by the various modes of the times in most of the pursuits of life, it is no wonder we are led into errors, and that a labyrinth of confusion, deceit, and falsity, ensues.

With regard to what we read, a well-told story is certainly pleasing; and if related with a due regard to morality, to a mind matured, is perfectly harmless: nay, many of them are calculated, as well as our best tragedies, to inspire a dependence on our Maker. For my own part, I confess I have read the former, and returned from the latter with my thoughts raised on the Divine Goodness; and have felt the inspiration of hope as firmly in my breast, as if I had heard the finest lecture our pulpits afford; and this from the view of suffering virtue rewarded, and vice detected and punished. So far, then, fiction may be beneficial: but falsity in our addresses to our friends, in our commerce with the world, and in our religion, oh!

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let us endeavour to abolish it entirely, as a nuisance to society, and an insult to Him that made us!

How different is the state of that man's mind, who, from habit, is ever making fair promises, which he seldom intends to perform, to him whose soul soars above deceit! The former is often miserable, from the idea, that the fallacy of his professions are seen through: he is tortured by the vain subterfuges he is obliged to have recourse to: he shrinks from the eye of those he has duped; and is seldom free from that anxiety which ever attends duplicity! While the latter, whose mind relies on Providence, and is actuated by truth, unhurt by painful reflection, and his word never distrusted, feels not the misery of dreading detection; and can lie down to rest, with the sweet and delicious consolation, that he has not deceived any one, and that veracity has been one of the great principles of his life.

July, 1805. RECLUSINA.

INTEMPERANCE.

ALL animals, say the naturalists, besides man, feed on one kind of diet; either flesh, or fish, or vegetables; hence the common division into *carnivorous* and *graminivorous;* into beasts and birds of prey, and the more harmless and cleanly creatures, who feed on the vegetable productions of the earth.

The lion, esteemed the king of beasts, whose regal state and demeanour, form so conspicuous a feature in fables and romances, is yet satisfied with one dish at a meal; and if he can obtain the thigh of a horse, or the haunch of a stag, never requires another kind of flesh in the way of a second course, nor sauces it with cabbage or cauliflower, or any of the pungent herbs or plants the torrid zone (his native clime) produces. In like manner, the eagle, to whom has been attributed the same royal prerogatives among the feathered tribes as to the lion among quadrupeds, regales the kingly brood with a good fat turkey, or a pheasant, whichsoever

whichsoever he can obtain, without going out again to get a dozen larks for his queen and eaglets to pick, when their appetites grow nice through satiety: nor does he take care beforehand, to provide peppercorns, or mustard-seed, to give a relish to their food.

But man, the universal lord of the creation, who has dominion over "sheep and oxen, yea, and all the beasts of the fields, the fowl of the air, and fish of the sea," exercises his prerogative, by falling upon whatever comes in his way, and will circumnavigate the globe, to collect together every taste, and every flavor, which every soil, and every clime, produces: he makes inroads upon the domains of all the other creatures; becomes the ally of leviathan himself, in preying upon whatsoever passes through the paths of the sea; joins the lion and tiger, in ravaging the forest; and condescends to learn from hogs, to bring roots up out of the earth—the excrescences of nature, of the most contemptible, diminutive, and even indigestible kind, such as mushrooms, truffles, champignions, are all appropriated to his use.

The creatures were undoubtedly made for the use of man; but temperance must teach him to partake of them so as to make them a blessing, and not a curse. Temperance will teach us to kill animals without cruelty, and dress them with simplicity; but when we put into the stomach at one meal, fish, fowl, flesh, oyster, peas, cabbage, lettuce, cucumber, currants, onions, cherries, butter, salt, pepper, nutmeg, cinnamon, sugar, mace, mustard, ale, wine, oil, vinegar, cream, brandy, (I am not describing an alderman's feast, but a common dinner given to a friend,) such various ingredients, instead of forming the sweet milky chyle which should convey streams of health through the human frame, will rather resemble the flaming lava, if small things may be compared with great, which flows from Ætna or Vesuvius, rending and cauterizing the tender vessels in its passage, as that does the fertile and flowery fields, and generating fevers, calentures, and every inflammatory and excruciating disease.

CRAFT

CRAFT AND CRUELTY PREVAILING OVER JUSTICE.

A STORY FOUNDED UPON FACT.

" But father, mother, brother, kindred all,
" Once more would perish, should my Hector fall!"

THERE is something so peculiarly affecting in this appeal of Andromache's to her husband, that it is impossible for a mind of sensibility to peruse it with a heart unmoved; and even as a child, I recollect never having been able to read the passage from whence the above lines were extracted, without a flood of tears.

To the tender ties here enumerated, this breast has ever been a stranger. The name of father, and mother, my lisping accents never pronounced: neither can the most extended recollection bring to my imagination the authors of my birth. I once, it is true, had a *friend*, who, like Hector to Andromache, supplied the place of kindred, and fulfilled every duty which helpless infancy required; but when death deprived me of the only being who appeared interested in my happiness, I was exposed to the oppressive hardships of an unfeeling world.

I was placed, during infancy, under the care of a woman, who supported her family by taking in young children to nurse; and the first thing I can recollect is, that of being fastened into a kind of wicker beehive, to rock the cradle of an infant about two years younger than myself. Fear at this early period taught me docility; for, irksome as I felt that kind of restraint, the rod compelled me to submit; and in this state of painful inactivity I was obliged to pass the greater part of the day. The wants of nature, however, were gratified; at, morning, noon, and night, I was supplied with a plentiful portion of bread and milk; and as, when the weather would

permit, the cradle was always carried into a little garden, my countenance betrayed no symptoms of ill health.

I had frequently heard my nurse express her astonishment that the *lady*, as she called her, had not been for near two years; when one day a carriage stopped at the door, and excited no small degree of commotion, as she was not prepared for the reception of her guest. I was hurried out of the chair, carried into an inner chamber, my frock eagerly changed, my hands filled full of plums; and I was desired to tell the lady, that I dearly loved my mammy; an appellation by which we all distinguished the nurse.

Imperfect as my organs of perception were at that early period, yet astonishment was excited by the kindness with which I was addressed; and the promise of more plums in the afternoon, and a variety of other gratifications, made me cheerfully consent to say whatever I was desired. The lady met me with a smile of affection, and pressed me with maternal fondness to her heart; and, after conversing for some time, with the person who had the care of me, she ordered the postilion to bring in a box, which contained a variety of new apparel, and a number of toys.

Anxious to perform the task imposed upon me, I frequently interrupted the conversation, by declaring that I loved my *mammy very much*. "Well, my dear boy, (replied the stranger, stooping down to embrace me,) I am rejoiced at finding you are so happy in your present abode; and I hope you will *love me also;* for when you are a little older, I intend to take you to my house."

The ingenuousness of childhood burst forth in spite of precaution: the soft tones of the stranger's voice had penetrated to my heart; and I eagerly exclaimed, "I will go with you directly! And see what a *great big boy* I am grown!" It was in vain that

that Mrs. Morgan, which was the name of the woman, endeavoured to direct my attention towards the toys; for the promise I had received of living with my new acquaintance, was not easily to be given up; and I repeatedly implored her to take me in the carriage, in spite of the oblique frowns of my nurse. Pacified, at length, by an assurance that she would soon come and fetch me, and amused by examining the variety of play-things which had been brought, my new friend took her departure; and my sorrow was assuaged by a fresh supply of plums.

Short and visionary were my prospects of happiness: the carriage was scarcely out of sight, when I was again pinioned within my cage; for as Nature had endowed me with an activity of temper, some mischief was the general consequence of my being unconfined. Though the impressions made upon childhood are strong and indelible, yet the description of them can afford very little entertainment to those of maturer age: I shall, therefore, merely say, that, though I could not have been more than four years old when I first recollect being introduced to my benefactress, the gentleness of her manners inspired regard; and my heart fluttered with joy at the bare idea of residing in her house.

My daily thoughts, and nightly visions, were occupied by the image of this kind and tender friend; and I was continually imploring my mammy to tell me when that sweet lady would come to me again. "Not for these two years, I hope," was the regular answer; and though I could form no definite notion of the distance of time, I conceived it to be immense. In short, the visit of my benefactress first taught me to draw comparisons which were attended with the most painful effects. From the conversation which passed between Mrs. Morgan and her neighbours, I discovered that, during my infancy, this benevolent friend had visited me every three months; but that, from having been abroad with a near relation, who had

died in a consumption, she had not seen me for near two years. The kindness of her behaviour, when contrasted with the severity of Mrs. Morgan's, excited sensations in my bosom perfectly new; and the fear which the latter had evidently felt, least I should disclose her treatment, inspired a singular train of ideas in my mind.

There were four children, besides myself, under this woman's protection, all of whom had parents who lived within a few miles; but until the visit I have related, I had always imagined that Mrs. Morgan was my mother. It would be difficult to describe the effect which a superiority of appearance produces upon the mind of an observing child: there was not a part of the stranger's dress that I did not minutely examine, and my admiration seemed to rise in proportion to the elegance I observed. The frocks which she had provided for me, were of a superior quality to those which the other children wore; and my nurse displayed them to her humble acquaintance with as much apparent satisfaction as if they had been a present for herself.

Six weeks had scarcely elapsed, when this interesting stranger paid us a second visit; my heart bounded with delight: but never shall I forget the sensation I experienced, when she informed Mrs. Morgan, she was come to remove her little charge. Scarcely would I allow my nurse time to collect my apparel: I clung to the chair on which my benefactress sat; a thousand fearful alarms agitated my bosom, least the promise which had been made me was intended to deceive. Mrs. M—— pretended to feel the greatest affliction. My benefactress expressed her astonishment at my testifying so much joy at being removed; and desired me to tell her, in the artful woman's presence, whether I had been well or ill used.

The powers of utterance, however, were restrained by the fear of *punishment*: I wept violently, but refused

fused to speak; but as soon as I found myself seated in the carriage, I evinced my happiness by a thousand acts of affection, which it would afford little entertainment to relate. This amiable friend shed tears of tenderness over me, upon my simply enquiring, whether I was her *own little boy*; and whether she would always be as kind to me as she was that day? "I shall always be kind to you, my beloved Henry, (replied my soothing companion, pressing me to her heart;) but your unfortunate mother is an angel in heaven; yet you will ever find a fond and tender friend in your aunt. You have an uncle, too, Henry, who, though he is not very partial to children, will, I am certain, love you, if you are good; but you must always study to oblige him, or you will make me more unhappy than I can express."

Every word that she uttered, made an impression upon my feelings scarcely conceivable at that early age; but it was the contrast of her harmonious accents, to the discordant tones to which I had been accustomed, which seemed to penetrate to the deepest recesses of my heart. Charmed, as I was, with the society of my new-found relation, I soon began to grow tired of the confinement of the chaise; and as evening approached, Nature became exhausted, and I fell into a profound sleep. I never awoke until the next morning, when I found myself in a strange bed, with a woman very unlike my benefactress, sleeping by my side.

That I was left amongst strangers, who might treat me no less unkindly than Mrs. Morgan, instantly struck my mind; and I burst into a violent fit of crying, which roused my companion, who reproved me for making a noise. Terrified at the angry tone in which she addressed me, I instantly stifled my grief: in a few minutes she arose, desired me to lay still until she had cleaned the parlour, and then promised I should be dressed. Not to dwell any longer upon trivial circumstances, I did not see

my benefactress for several hours. At length the footman led me into the breakfast parlour, where she was making tea for a man whose countenance was the most forbidding I had ever beheld. I was in the act of running to her with arms extended, when he suddenly turned round upon his seat, and, with a scrutinizing eye, examined my person with a frown which I never shall forget. "Come bither, my dear Henry, (said Mrs. Darnley, perceiving me transfixed to the spot;) you must shake hands with that gentleman, and tell him you are a good boy." Though I felt but little inclined to conciliate the good opinion of a being so ungracious, yet a desire of my aunt's was not to be withstood: though, even whilst he extended his hand towards me, he observed me with a petrifying scowl. They spoke to each other in a language unintelligible. Mrs. Darnley at length burst into tears; and her brutish companion soon quitted the room in a passion, leaving me overwhelmed with sorrow and fear.

From this specimen of my introduction into this family, my readers will perceive I had but little cause to congratulate myself upon the change which had taken place; yet I soon began to feel reconciled to my situation, as the unkindness of Mr. Darnley was amply compensated for by the tenderness of his wife. He was likewise frequently absent for whole months upon affairs of business, as he had the management of the property of several gentlemen who resided in the East, and upon these occasions my happiness was complete. Had I been the child of Mrs. Darnley, she could not have bestowed more pains upon my education; and instruction from the lips of kindness, was received with avidity and delight; yet, whenever her husband was at home, it was by stealth that she taught me; as he evidently seemed to wish to check, rather than encourage, the expansion of my mind. To forward children he expressed the greatest aversion. If I ventured to ask

for information upon any subject, I was silenced with a reprimand; yet frequently, in my presence, Mrs. Darnley would represent the necessity of my being sent to school.

One circumstance struck me as very extraordinary. Mrs. Darnley, as I observed, had informed me she was my *aunt*; yet on the morning after my arrival at Caermarthen, she desired me always to address her by the appellation of *Ma'am*; adding, that she had merely acknowledged herself as my *relation*, because she thought I should love her better than if I considered her only as a friend. As my mind expanded, this circumstance struck it forcibly; and I still fondly cherished the hope that she was my aunt, without being able to form any reason why she should have refused to acknowledge me as her relation, when she was actually fulfilling a mother's part. I once ventured to ask whether both my parents were in heaven, and whether I had not relations in some part of the world; but she silenced me, by saying, I made her unhappy by these questions; and that, when I was a little older, she would gratify the curiosity I felt.

Though my disposition was active, my mind was naturally contemplative: I frequently reflected upon the singularity of my fate, with a prematurity of intellect rather uncommon at my age. This habit of reflection, in all probability, was excited by the uncommon pains which my benefactress had taken to improve my mind: for, not satisfied with merely hearing me my lessons, she explained the meaning of every word I did not perfectly comprehend, and gave me the etymology of it in the language from whence it had been originally derived. This perfect acquaintance with different languages, she informed me, she had acquired from her brother's tutor, who was much attached to her when a child; and as she had always testified a desire for improvement, he derived a secret satisfaction from informing her mind.

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In reading, writing, and accompts, I had made a great proficiency by the time I had entered into my eighth year; and I frequently implored my kind benefactress to indulge me with a few lessons in French. To this request I had hitherto received evasive answers; but at length I repeated it with an urgency not easily to be denied; and she consented to gratify my wishes, upon condition, that I never suffered Mr. Darnley to see me with a French book. Anxious as I was for the improvement of my faculties, I had a still stronger motive for wishing to understand French; it was the language in which, in my presence, my protectress always conversed with her husband; and from hearing the word *Henri* frequently pronounced, I knew I was the subject of their discourse.

Curiosity, therefore, first suggested the idea of my becoming acquainted with French: in short, it appeared to be the only means by which I could acquire a knowledge of my real situation: and Mrs. Darnley having refused to instruct me, made me the more anxious to learn. The first and only piece of deception I ever practised towards this kind and most indulgent of friends, was that of not appearing to comprehend what she taught me, and designedly making blunders when I repeated my lessons, though I perfectly knew every word. Day and night my mind was occupied; I never went to bed without a French book concealed; and I contrived to ingratiate myself into the good opinion of an usher who taught that language in an academy a short distance from our house.

As Mrs. Darnley did not think it necessary to tie a boy of my age to her apron-string, I had frequent opportunities of associating with my new friend, who, delighted with the ardour I evinced to become acquainted with his native language, readily gave me every instruction in his power. My benefactress, who scarcely thought I understood a substantive from

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an adjective, although there were but few expressions which I did not comprehend, conversed as usual in my presence with her husband. But, alas! what a source of unhappiness had I unintentionally brought upon myself!

From the countenance of the man whose very sight was obnoxious to me, I had long apprehended that I was the frequent cause of disputes: and the knowledge I had acquired, too fatally convinced me, that the conjecture I had formed was founded upon truth. Gentle as was Mrs. Darnley's natural disposition, yet where principle was concerned, she was not easily to be moved; and the first time I was capable of understanding their conversation, her attention was so much occupied by the subject, that I entered the room unobserved. What had led to the following declaration, I know not; but, in a decided tone, she said, "*No persuasion*, no allurement, shall ever induce me to prove false to the sacred promise I made. No, rather than act a treacherous part towards the child of my beloved Emily, I would suffer the severest torments cruelty could inflict."

"Would you behold ruin overwhelm your husband? (enquired the furious Darnley, in an empassioned tone of voice.) Besides, I am convinced it would be easy to bastardize the fellow, and his fortune would then be *yours*; or, I ought to have said, *mine*."

"Oh, Vice! Vice! to what acts of villany dost thou urge thy votaries!" exclaimed Mrs. Darnley, bursting into tears; when accidentally turning her head towards the window, she beheld me standing the very image of despair. A glance directed towards the door, was a signal for my departure. My knees trembled so violently, I could scarcely quit the room; but, ever ready to obey her mandates, I crept out, without Darnley having perceived I had been there. What a new train of thoughts did this conversation give rise to! "It would be easy to bastardize the fellow,"

fellow," continually recurred to my mind; and though I had not positively heard my name repeated, yet there could be no doubt but I was the person to whom Mr. Darnley meant to allude.

Though my benefactress could not possibly have supposed I comprehended the conversation, yet, during the remaining part of the day, she seemed desirous of being alone; for, upon my entering the room, after the unprincipled wretch had quitted it, she desired me to go, and trundle my hoop. For several months afterwards, my knowledge proved inefficacious, as I no longer became the subject of Mr. and Mrs. Darnley's discourse; or, if I was, they avoided mentioning me when present, and I was still tortured between doubt, fear, and suspense. At the expiration of this time, as I was strolling down the garden, my attention was attracted by a piece of paper which the wind had blown into a bed of flowers: I picked it up from mere idle curiosity, and instantly recognized Mr. Darnley's hand. The superscription struck me very forcibly: it was to a school-master who resided in a remote part of Wales, towards whom I had frequently heard my benefactress express an aversion, and protest that I never should be placed under his care. Long had Mr. Darnley objected to his wife's proposal of sending me to school; but some months previous to my finding the letter, he consented, provided I was placed under the care of a master of whom he had made choice. To this proposal, as I before observed, my attached friend had objected: in my presence, she had even declared her detestation of the man; and had thrown out some hints respecting the natural depravity of his character, which it was impossible for me to comprehend.

Yet the letter which I had found, was addressed to this unprincipled fellow. Curiosity, or a nobler motive, impelled me to unbind the folds. Yet, whilst employed in this act, a sensation, which I had never

never before experienced, made me redouble the paper, without perusing a single word. Had I forgotten the noble sentiments which my amiable preceptress had inculcated? had she not taught me to consider that religion and honor were the pillars which sustain Virtue on her seat? Was I then going to be guilty of an action which must degrade me in the opinion of the only being by whom I was anxious to be esteemed?

Reflections like these flashed rapidly upon my imagination: I stood immoveable, with the letter in my hand; when the conversation which I had heard, came with redoubled force upon my memory, and I involuntarily exclaimed, "Bastardized! for what?" The letter which I possessed might possibly explain the motive; should I then deny myself a satisfaction which might never occur again? Or was a wretch so completely contemptible as Darnley, to be treated with the honour and delicacy due to an honest man?

Extraordinary as it may appear, that ideas of this nature should have occurred to a boy not more than nine years of age, yet certain it is, that my mind was as strongly impressed by them, as if my reasoning faculties had been matured by years. Let it, however, be remembered, that I had spent a long period in the society of a woman, whose understanding was universally admired, and who had not only informed my mind, but at the same time had instilled sentiments of honour and rectitude into my heart. I once more unfolded the letter: "*I will read it* (I exclaimed) let the consequence be what it may;" yet my eyes seemed to flash fire; my heart violently palpitated, and it was with difficulty I discerned the following words.

"Caroline has at length reluctantly consented that the little wretch who steps between *me* and *fortune*, shall be placed under your care. To lull *her susptcions*, and to make the boy appear *satisfied*, you must treat

treat him with a kindness foreign to the feelings of your heart.

"You, who know how hateful the sight of him has been to me, may judge of the transport I experience at the bare idea of his being removed. Removed he shall be at a proper period; yet would it not be better to defer the execution of our scheme for a year or two?—You say you are convinced our African friend would take him; but charges like those we mean to allege, it would be impossible to bring against a mere child; therefore, though you need not doubt receiving the reward I have promised, the execution of our plan must be deferred for some time.

"I have informed Caroline, that I expect you in the course of a month: the boy can then return with you to school; and at the ensuing vacation, I trust *she* will find that his *mind is improved*.—I repeat once more, that you must endeavour to win his affections, that there may be no suspicion that you had the slightest concern in his flight.

"Yours most sincerely,

"C——. D——."

Scarcely had I perused this iniquitous design against me, than I perceived my mortal enemy approach through a vista, which rendered his actions perceptible, though it did not give him an opportunity of seeing he was observed. I eagerly threw the letter into the place where I had found it, and concealed myself behind a bush: he approached the spot, and the first thing which struck him, was a garden-knife which he had likewise left. He had for some time been employed in examining his pockets; the appearance of the knife induced him to look around, and stooping down, he discovered the letter of which he had evidently been in search.

(To be continued.)

INDISCRETIONS.

A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

[Concluded from page 126.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Fort.

HORNCASTLE *and* COLONEL MAITLAND *looking over several Papers.*

Horncastle. AYE, my dear friend! you now talk like a reasonable man. While I thought myself childless, I considered it my duty to do the best in my power for my niece; but since things wear such a different aspect now, it becomes me to make the happiness of my only child my first consideration. Horatio will be far better pleased, I find: and since Juliana has spirit enough to act the heroine, you shall have no reason to complain, when you are made acquainted with all the arrangements. So sign away, Colonel; sign away.

Enter HORATIO.

Maitland. You are just in time, my boy. Come, we wait for your signature. Where is your fair bride?

Horatio. Is not she returned? She went to stroll with Juliana over the grounds: I am surprised that they remain so long.

Maitland. Oh, talking over old love adventures, no doubt: that is generally womens' way when they get together. I hear a step.

JULIANA *rushes in, and falls fainting into a Chair.*

Maitland. Child! child! what is the matter? Your looks alarm me. This disordered dress!—Your agitation!—Speak, child, speak!

Horatio. For mercy's sake, speak!—Where, where is Carlosine?

Juliana. Lost, lost for ever!

Horatio. What mean you? Oh, Juliana, tell the dreadful tale. What has happened?

Juliana. I will endeavour to relieve you from this terrible suspense. Deeply engaged in conversation, we perceived not that our walk was extended considerably beyond the boundaries of the fort. Alarmed when we discovered our error, we were returning with hasty steps, when a band of the rebel negroes rushed upon us, and, after plundering me of my money, and most valuable ornaments, seized the terrified Carlosine, and carried her away in spite of all my shrieks and entreaties.

Maitland. What a horrid outrage!—What course did they take?

Juliana. I know not. I sunk insensible upon the earth, where I might have remained till now, but that Captain Sidbolt chanced to pass that way, and assisted me to return.

Horatio. Sidbolt! I like not that man. This is a strange business. The country must be searched.

Horncastle. Right, boy. Has that negro-woman left the fort?

Horatio. No, Sir. Ha! a sudden thought strikes me: Carlosine rested some time in their hut. Who knows but, enamoured of her beauty, the wretch has dared to force her from us? I will search the hut before it is too late. Let the woman, with the Irishman, remain prisoners till I return.

Horncastle. They shall. Let the drum beat to arms. Juliana, retire to your chamber: you need repose. [*Exeunt severally.*

Juliana. This is well! I have played my part admirably; and while they are searching the country to the extent of twenty miles, the object of their search is safe in the old Round Tower. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.—A Chamber in the Tower.

CARLOSINE *rising from prayer.*

Carlosine. I have put up a petition for release, and dare to persuade myself, that it will not pass unheeded. I seem secured beyond the power of mortal aid; yet there is One in whom I trust for deliverance: this thought shall keep me from despair. What do I hear? Already my doors are opening.—Ah!—a stranger.

Enter SIDBOLT *with a Basket.*

Sidbolt. Lady, this composure pleases me. You seem not to recollect my features, though we have met before! Yours made a deep and indelible impression on my heart the moment I beheld them.

Carlosine. Sir, I could dispense with compliments at a time like this. I trust you come to liberate me: for that favor accept my thanks.

Sidbolt. Stay, lady; you acknowledge too soon. It is my intention to liberate you; but that is conditionally.

Carlosine. I do not understand you. In what have I offended?

Sidbolt. Simply in being too beautiful. But, come; sit down: I have brought some wine to enliven us a little; and I wish to have a long conference with you. It is contrary to orders, I own; for I was appointed your jailor, and was commanded to starve you into compliance. *(Takes some Wine from the Basket, Fruit, Cakes, &c.)*

Carlosine. Sir, I am not disposed to be amused by this trifling. By whose orders am I confined?

Sidbolt. By the order of one, Madam, who has great authority here—Horatio Maitland!

Carlosine. Horatio!—'Tis false.

Sidbolt. Suppose I convince you that you are deceived in him.

Carlosine. It would be a dreadful conviction.

Sidbolt. Yet 'tis even so: his fickle fancy has for a while turned to a less attractive object. Your unexpected presence for a while perplexed him; yet

his plighted faith to Juliana, and the peremptory commands of his father, who threatens him with his malediction, at length triumphed. The discovery of your near affinity to the Governor, from whom he has great expectations, obliged him to have recourse to this painful measure. I am in his confidence; and though I regret the task thereby imposed on me, I am obliged to add further, that your imprisonment is to be for life, unless you comply with his proposals.

Carlosine. Oh, Heaven! the measure of my misfortunes is full! At the very moment of fancied happiness, to receive this blow, and from Horatio, too! it is too much.

Sidbolt. Be composed, Madam: the remedy is yet in your own power.

Carlosine. Name it. Yet I have no hope.

Sidbolt. It is merely this; by signing a paper, in which you acknowledge that you voluntarily eloped with me, and have united your fate with mine, adducing whatever plausible reason your ingenuity may suggest, you will be restored to your father, who will no doubt pardon your supposed indiscretion, and Horatio will then be free to marry Juliana.

Carlosine. (Indignantly.) He is free, Sir. Gladly will I sign any paper, expressive of my contempt and abhorrence. His baseness has alienated my affection for ever. Let him marry Juliana; he has no opposition to fear from me. Poor girl! she too will find herself deceived.

Sidbolt. (Catching her Hand.) Charming, generous woman! thus let me thank you for this sweet compliance. *(Attempts to kiss her Hand; she pushes him from her with disdain.)*

Carlosine. You mistake me! Though I so readily resign Horatio, it will not be by the means to which you allude. Perpetual imprisonment, a lingering death, may be my lot; yet never will I be yours! Never shall my father believe me so abandoned and infamous!

Sidbolt. Nay, fair and haughty dame, he believes it already.

Carlosine.

Carlosine. Then shame be to those who have so basely deceived him. Sir, I wish to be alone: you have heard my determination.

Sidbolt. (Aside.) So this scheme will not answer: I must try another.—*(To* CARLOSINE.)—Since you seem to think that your generosity and constancy will soften his heart, I will venture to avow a hardy truth to you, Madam. Horatio is ignorant of your confinement: he believes the plausible tale invented by a jealous rival. He thinks you have voluntarily abandoned him, and to-morrow weds Juliana, who has sworn never to suffer you to quit this prison unless as my wife. You seem not astonished by this intelligence, Madam.

Carlosine. It is true, the man who once degrades himself by a direct falsehood, is never to be trusted. At your assertion, I will neither believe Horatio false, nor Juliana treacherous. My mind is confused, agitated. That I am the victim of the basest injustice, is true; yet the malice of my enemies shall never compel me to forfeit the approbation of my own heart. Leave me, Sir.

Sidbolt. All this is very heroic; yet time has subdued prouder spirits than yours. As you value your own comforts, I would advise you to be less indignant. I am willing to win your confidence by lenient measures. You see, Madam, I have even been mindful of every little article which could contribute to your convenience or amusement. Books, a lute. Do not these little attentions speak a heart devoted to you?

Carlosine. For *disinterested* kindness, Sir, you will never find me ungrateful; but I request to be alone. I hope I have no improper intrusion to fear.

Sidbolt. No, sweet Carlosine. As you are to be mine sooner or later, I would rather owe my happiness to willing affection. I leave you to the calm consideration of what I have said. Farewell. [*Exit.*

(CARLOSINE *retires into an inner Apartment.)*

SCENE III.—The Exterior of a round Tower.

Enter RODOLPHO *with a Gun.*

Rhodolpho. How cheerless has this day passed without my Orrina! Her delay alarms me. Can she, too, have proved treacherous? Oh, no; she is Simplicity's sweet child. Yet these strangers: they seemed honest! But who shall judge from appearances, in this world of deceit? I have been loitering near this building, in the fond hope of finding my girl; my patience is almost exhausted. I dare not approach nearer, for fear of detection. Ha! Rhodolpho, thou must skulk like a criminal through these grounds which——But who comes here?—The villain Sidbolt!—What means this? He comes from the old Round Tower. He carries keys! That place has been long uninhabited. My Orrina, and the fair stranger, are, perhaps, his victims. I will release them, or perish. Yet I dare not attack him. The guard are within call. Should I be taken, and known, all would be lost. I know a safer way: a subterraneous pass leads through a rock on the beach to the tower, which, if I can penetrate, may lead me to the deliverance of some suffering captives. Pray Heaven I may find my Orrina. [*Exit.*

(SIDBOLT *passes on towards the Fort.)*

SCENE IV.—Night. A Bed Chamber.

CARLOSINE *reposing. A Lamp burning.*

Enter JULIANA.

Juliana. All is still as I could wish. She sleeps; it may be her last, since Fate has placed her in my way, to blight my fairest hopes. Sorceress! you have to deal with one who does not do things by halves. Sidbolt thinks the prize his: how little he knows Juliana! I may now strike secure; for the deed

deed shall lay to his charge, and I shall thus be freed from two dreaded objects at once.—Ha!—I thought I heard a noise. *(Goes to the Door, and secures it. Then taking a Dagger from her Bosom, she takes down the Lamp, and approaches the Couch.)*—How beautiful she looks! Why would the syren come adventuring here, to steep my hands in blood? *(Pausing.)*—But she must die.—*(As she stands gazing on the Features of* CARLOSINE, *a Trap-door is slowly opened, and* RHODOLPHO *rises: perceiving her Hand ready to give the Blow, he fires.* JULIANA *wounded, falls on the Bed.* CARLOSINE *wakes with a Shriek of Horror.)*

Rhodolpho. Murderess! thy hour is come. Lady, I have saved your life: we must fly from this dreadful place.

Carlosine. My kind friend!—Juliana wounded! What means all this? Is it thus we meet!—

Juliana. Horrid vision!—Oh, I die!—It is just that I receive my fate at your hands. I have wronged you!

Rhodolpho. No matter: Heaven is retributive and just. Madam, let me convey you to the fort. I must procure assistance for this wretched woman.

[JULIANA *faints.*

Carlosine. Oh, no; not to the fort: I dare not go there.

Rhodolpho. Then to my hut: there must be no time lost. *(He assists her to descend through the Trap-door.)*

SCENE V.

Moonlight. The Exterior of the Tower.

Enter HORATIO, *followed by Soldiers.*

Horatio. I have been unsuccessful, and have now no prospect but despair. Stand by: I hear approaching footsteps. Who goes there?

RHODOLPHO *appears supporting* CARLOSINE.

Carlosine. Horatio's voice! I cannot be mistaken.

Horatio.

Horatio. My Carlosine! I am here to save thee. An Indian! Villain! release that lady.

Rhodolpho. I will die rather than relinquish her. Stand off. (HORATIO *attacks him with his Sword.* RHODOLPHO *defends himself, till the Soldiers surround and disarm him.)*

Carlosine. Oh, hear me, hear me, Maitland! Let me be still the victim of your cruelty, but spare that noble generous creature!

Horatio. Your words astonish me, Carlosine! Is it for that wretch you plead!

Carlosine. It is! On my knees I implore his life: he is my friend, my preserver.

Horatio. Rise, woman; I am filled with horror.

Rhodolpho. Here is some misunderstanding. May I be permitted to explain?

Horatio. I know not what to think: speak on.

Rhodolpho. I found this lady in a moment of peril. She who would have assassinated her, fell by my hand. Shall I name her?—It was Juliana. In that tower you will find her senseless, and bleeding. If life remains, let her have assistance. I fear she has much to answer for.

Horatio. Stranger, your words astonish me!—Your air is mysterious. You are no Indian. Who are you?

Rhodolpho. Sir, I am—your prisoner. I would have been that lady's protector. For more, I shall answer only to the Governor.

Horatio. My Carlosine, what am I to think?

Carlosine. Dissemble not, Horatio. I am once more in your power: let me be the only victim.

Horatio. Sweet Carlosine! your senses have suffered by this dreadful shock. Let us hasten to the fort.

Carlosine. To my father would you restore me? Ah! then I have been deceived; you are not my enemy.

Horatio. Your enemy, Carlosine! Believe me, I am not. Your truest, tenderest friend I must ever be.

be. But this air is unfit for you; let us away.—*(To the Soldiers.)*—Some of you search the tower, and let the Lady Juliana be conveyed to the fort with all possible dispatch. Come, Carlosine; a long explanation must soon take place. At your request, this stranger shall be liberated. *(They release* RHODOLPHO.*)*

Carlosine. You must not leave us. But tell me, Horatio, where is my faithful Phelim? Orrina, too?

Rhodolpho. Oh, where is my Orrina?

Horatio. I am ashamed to say, they have been roughly treated. But your appearance at the fort will set all right again. Come.

Rhodolpho. I will attend you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The GOVERNOR'S *Apartment.*

(The GOVERNOR *reading.)*

Governor. An unusual oppression hangs upon me. Horatio is not returned. Poor fellow, I once felt as he did, and can pity the anguish of his mind. Some one demands entrance at the gate; pray heaven my child may be restored. I am all anxiety.

Enter HORATIO *and* CARLOSINE, *followed by* RHODOLPHO, *who endeavours to keep behind.* CARLOSINE *runs into her Father's Arms.*

Governor. A thousand thanks, my dear boy, for restoring my Carlosine: we shall all be happy again!

Horatio. Your thanks are not wholly due to me, Sir. This stranger—— *(Presenting Rhodolpho.*

The GOVERNOR *surveys* RHODOLPHO *with an agitated Countenance.*

Rhodolpho. Do you know me, Sir?

Governor. (Starting.) His voice!—It must be—Torture me not!—Are you?—

Rhodolpho. (Falling at his Feet.) Your son!

Governor.

Governor. *(Averting his Face.)* I must not hear you. Nature might plead, even while my soul shrinks abhorrent from a parricide.

Rhodolpho. By Heaven I am wronged. Treachery and injustice have driven me from home a wretched outcast. When loaded with a father's too rash curse, I left this roof, madness took possession of my brain. I fled through the forest, where, overpowered by fatigue and anguish, I sunk exhausted. Unknown to myself, I was preserved by a benevolent Indian: she watched by my side through a dangerous illness, in which reason threatened to desert me for ever, with tenderest assiduity. It was then, in a moment of phrenzy, I forswore society, and voluntarily embraced a savage life; for I found among them what I had vainly sought among those who boast the possession of Christian virtues.

Governor. You talk wildly, young man. Is it you who should turn accuser, who have so dreadfully transgressed?

Rhodolpho. Of what am I accused, and by whom?

Governor. It fills me with horror to repeat it. You are accused, by one who loved you too well to be unjust, of attempting a father's life.

Rhodolpho. *(Smiling indignantly.)* Even so; on which accusation I was ignominiously expelled unheard, unpitied. But behold, here is my accuser.

JULIANA *is borne in by the Soldiers, faint and bleeding.*

This is an awful moment; death hovers over her, and all worldly interests must be suspended. Let her now repeat my accusation. Juliana, speak; by whom was my father's life attempted?

Juliana. Oh, horror! I dare not—Yet why should I delay the only act of justice in my power? Adolphus is innocent. I am a guilty wretch, and now feel tortures greater than any human punishment can inflict.

Governor.

Governor. Let an honest confession in part repair the mischiefs occasioned by your misconduct.

Juliana. I seek not to deprecate your resentment, and just abhorrence, by affected penitence. Whether my wound is mortal, or not, I must be explicit. When I was first received under your roof, I was attached to one who took advantage of my youth, and robbed me of my innocence. Sidbolt was that villain: by his pernicious council, I learned to stifle regret, and conceal my shame: this smoothed an easy descent to vice. Adolphus soon beheld me with partiality, and encouraged by your approbation, became my lover. Unhappy youth! his fatal attachment has caused him years of sorrow, and to me hours of unavailing remorse. That I loved him, I can declare with my latest breath; yet it was with a selfish, unworthy passion, which has degraded and brought me to misery. Every thing was in readiness for our nuptials, when he accidentally overheard a conversation between Sidbolt and me, which convinced him of my unworthiness. His horror and anguish may be imagined, and from that moment he shunned me with detestation. Sidbolt, who, through mercenary motives alone, would have married me, was stung with envious rage at my preference of Adolphus, reproached me bitterly, and threatened me with exposure, unless I assisted him to work the ruin of Adolphus. I knew that he dared not upon his own account execute his threat; yet rage at the cold contempt with which I was now treated by Adolphus, and fear lest he should be urged to disclose the cause of this alteration in his sentiments, prompted me to enter into Sidbolt's plan. The too generous Adolphus scorned to accuse me, and suffered in secret: it was then I began to work upon your credulity, with affected surprise at his altered behaviour, and artful insinuations to his disadvantage. The designs of Sidbolt went still deeper than I imagined. Well convinced that you would never consent to our

union while Adolphus remained with you, he sought to gratify his ambition and hatred by one decisive blow. To effect this, your life was attempted: happily it was not successful. In a struggle with the assassin, he dropped his sword, and escaped among the trees. You may recollect it was moonlight: the villain was masked, and in the dress of Adolphus. What additional horror seized your soul, when, on returning to the fort, you found you held your son's sword in your hand! This had been pre-concerted, yet I knew not of it till some time after. You believed Adolphus was the assassin: his frequent late wanderings, his disordered manner, and every concurring circumstance, deceived you into a supposition of his guilt, and you banished him from your presence!

Governor. Adolphus not guilty! Who, then, was the wretch?

Juliana. Need I name Sidbolt?

Governor. Let the villain be brought hither. Oh, my son, can you forgive my rash injustice?

Rhodolpho. Your knowledge of my innocence is all the happiness I wish: Sidbolt must answer for all the rest.

Maitland. Hold, Sir; let us have no more blood shed. Other means must be resorted to to punish him.

Juliana. I fear he has already saved himself by flight: he met me on the way hither, and learning what had happened, loaded me with execrations. Horatio, you have been greatly deceived in me; my transgressions have exceeded all hope of forgiveness. This amiable girl, too, was to have been my victim. In what a scene of guilt was I involved! One early indiscretion, by giving my mind an improper bias, has gradually deadened all sense of virtue. I have too late awakened from this fatal delirium. Should I live, where can I turn for comfort? what mortal consolation can relieve the despair and anguish of a guilty mind? *Carlosine.*

Carlosine. Poor, unhappy woman! what must her sufferings be!—My heart bleeds for her.

Governor. Let her be removed; her wound requires care.

Carlosine. My attendance may be serviceable. At this period we must forget all our injuries, nor agonize the suffering sinner with reproach. [*Exit with Juliana and Attendants.*

Governor. Sweet girl! her meekness, her piety, and generous sentiments, adorn her sex. We have beheld one lamentable instance of the perversion of mind attending the indulgence of the passions; few, it is to be hoped, resemble Juliana; her character is a blot in the book of nature.

Rhodolpho. But where is my Orrina? In her dark bosom resides a virtuous heart. Surely my father will not despise her, or condemn me, who, finding depravity lurked beneath the loveliest form, cherished with gratitude the merits of Nature's untaught child.

Governor. She has been imprisoned on suspicion. Horatio, will you conduct her hither?—(*Exit Horatio.*)—But she is a savage.

Rhodolpho. No savage passion deforms her mind: I owe my existence to her cares. Her life now depends on my love: either she becomes a Christian, and my wife; or I return to the woods a savage, and her husband.

Enter HORATIO, *with* ORRINA *and* PHELIM.

Orrina. (*Running into* RHODOLPHO'S *Arms.*) I thought we were never more to meet. I know not why I have been thus harshly treated.

Rhodolpho. All shall be explained at some future period, my dear Orrina. At present, I have more interesting concerns. Since you are safe, and well, let me present you to my father! (*Leading her to the* GOVERNOR.)

Orrina. Ah! the Governor your father! Now I remember you was white, like him, when first I found you.

Rhodolpho. True, Orrina; and I remember how much you was astonished to see me stain my skin, to make it dark like yours. But I must grow fair again, and dwell here.

Orrina. And I return without you?

Rhodolpho. You must, indeed.

Orrina. If Rhodolpho wishes to leave me, I will go—I will return to my hut, and die!

Governor. Poor girl! her artless distress moves me. Adolphus! you shall marry her.

Rhodolpho. Thanks, dearest father: what say you, Orrina? Suppose you quit your hut, and become an inhabitant of this castle?

Orrina. Dear Rhodolpho, your change of situation can make no more difference to me than your change of name. Rhodolpho or Adolphus must be loved by Orrina; with him she must be happy every where.

Rhodolpho. Then we will never part, Orrina. *(Embracing her.)*

Phelim. Och, to be sure now, I should like to see my sweet lady. Never in my life was I after passing such a melancholy time of it.

Enter CARLOSINE.

Och here she is, sure enough!

Carlosine. My faithful Phelim, I am happy to see you once more: I suppose you have passed but an uncomfortable time since your residence in the fort. However, let it gladden your honest heart to know, that all our troubles seem likely to have a happy termination.

Phelim. Ah! say you so? then faith I was wishing to day gone, and yesterday come again; but now, by my soul, I wish to-day may last for ever.

Carlosine. *(To the* GOVERNOR.) I am happy to inform you, Sir, that Juliana's wound is not mortal: the

the surgeon says, that if she can tranquillize her mind, she will soon recover. She seems truly penitent.

Governor. If her penitence is not the result of fear, we may forgive her. Should she recover, she shall be sent to England. Her presence can afford me nothing but unpleasant recollections. She shall have no further power to hurt us; and the failure of her own wicked schemes, with the shame and disgrace of the discovery, will be a severe punishment. For the present, we will think no more of her, but turn our thoughts to the happiness of those deservedly dear to us. Horatio, take my girl, and with her my best blessing. Adolphus, you are once more my beloved son: I lament the credulity which once estranged us; my fortune shall be divided between you and Carlosine.

Orrina. (To Adolphus.) May not I have my poor Wittikin? she is, no doubt, most anxious for me.

Adolphus. She shall be sent for immediately.

Phelim. Oh, sure then, I will run for her myself. It's the only good-natured thing I may have the power to do for her, and I am under many obligations to the pretty black creature.

Governor. Hey-day! So I suppose you are for marrying this little slave!

Phelim. No such thing, your honor! Gratitude's one thing, and honesty's another. I have got a wife and child in Ireland; and I *mane* to go back to them, God willing.

Governor. And you shall take enough back with you to make you and them comfortable for life, my brave fellow! And now let us separate. May you, my children, be as happy as you deserve. You have had a timely lesson to check the indiscretions of youth before vice takes root in the soil. Thank Heaven, your hearts are undepraved: let not the calls of worldly interest, or the passions of revenge and jealousy, interrupt your peace, or corrupt your morals. Let

true piety, which inspires the love of your fellow-creatures, guide all your actions; and whatever your external circumstances may be, your minds will possess the serenity of an undisturbed conscience.

[*Exeunt severally.*

E. F.

☞ *The Reader is desired to substitute* JULIANA *for* VICTORIA *in the Characters of this Piece, p.* 31.

ON FAME.

THE love of praise influences all mankind, and the greatest minds are the most susceptible of it. The philosophers who most preach up a contempt for fame, prefix their names to their works; and the very performances in which they deny ostentation, are evident proofs of their vanity, and love of praise. Virtue requires no other reward for all the toils and dangers to which she exposes herself, than that of fame and glory. Take away this flattering reward, and what would remain in the narrow career of life to prompt her exertions? If the mind could not launch into the prospect of futurity, or the operations of the soul were to be limited to the space that bounds those of the body, she would not weaken herself by constant fatigues, nor weary herself with continual watchings and anxieties; she would not think even life itself worthy of a struggle: but there lives in the breast of every good man, a principle which unceasingly prompts and inspirits him to the pursuit of a fame beyond the present hour; a fame, not commensurate to our mortal existence, but co-extensive with the latest posterity.

On the Misapplication of Wealth, and its Incapability of promoting domestic Happiness.

Mr. Editor,

I HAVE frequently heard it asserted, that riches can procure their possessors every blessing of life; and any contradiction to an hypothesis so universally acknowledged, may probably draw down upon me the censure of mankind. Facts, however, must be allowed to carry greater weight than assertions; and I am inclined to think you will become a convert to my creed, when I declare, that wealth, instead of promoting happiness, too often becomes the destroyer of domestic peace.

The situation I hold in society, Sir, I consider as respectable. I am what is generally termed a gentleman farmer, and cultivate my own estate: my wife is the daughter of the curate of our parish; and the only fault she possesses, is a little *priestly pride*; in short, she is rather too much inclined to hold her head above her neighbours, if any of their connections happen to be in trade. I have notwithstanding, by persuasions and arguments, succeeded in reasoning her out of this weak and womanly pride, and she conducts herself towards our various neighbours in a manner which insures her their friendship and esteem. My elder daughter, who now begins to consider herself a woman, though she is no more than eighteen, unfortunately inherits the only failing which with justice I can ascribe to my wife, and will not associate with any of the farmers daughters, because she does not think them sufficiently genteel.

But now, Sir, to come to the cream of my story, and to prove that an increase of wealth frequently proves the bane of rational delights, I must inform you, that about nine months ago, I accidentally became acquainted with an old gentleman who was far advanced in the vale of life. I have always considered hospitality as one of the cardinal virtues: a

hearty welcome ever awaits my friends; and never shall it be said that George Heartwell refused to receive a stranger under his roof.

My wife has always entertained a great veneration for the clergy, and boasts that her ancestors, from the third and fourth generation back, have all been members of the church; though, God knows, I cannot find she has any just grounds for this attachment, as their preferment scarcely raised them above a state of want.

It is, Mr. Editor, as before observed, now about nine months since chance introduced us to the acquaintance of the Reverend Doctor D——, whose carriage was overturned by the carelessness of the postillion within a few yards of my house. Humanity induced me to offer him an asylum; for though no bones were broken, he was very much bruised; and my wife, who professes great skill in physic and surgery, as we were some miles distant from medical assistance, offered to undertake the cure.

It was impossible for attention to be carried to greater extremity; the whole time and thoughts of my wife and daughters were devoted to their Reverend guest; and though I delight in hospitality, I could not help thinking it was carried rather to too great a length. There was, in short, Sir, a something in the manners of this aged prelate, which I did not altogether approve; for, instead of receiving our assiduities as an obligation, he seemed to consider them as his right.

Though I am not a learned man, yet my education has not been neglected; and I entered into several different kinds of conversation with my guest; but he decided in so dogmatical a tone upon every subject, that it was with the utmost difficulty I could treat him with respect. If I happened to differ in opinion from this *pious oracle*, who always had some scriptural text at command, my wife's countenance betrayed the most painful emotion, and I was silenced by a frown or a bite of the lip. At length she implored

implored me never to differ from the doctor, as she had reason to believe he intended to alter his will; as he had informed her, a nephew, to whom he had intended to leave his property, had offended him by marrying against his consent. It was in vain that I represented the injustice of this intention; it was my wife's opinion that every one ought to take care of themselves; and my girls began to form a thousand plans for the disposal of the Doctor's money, of which they seemed to consider themselves as secure as if it had been placed in their hands. The passion of envy soon crept into my family, in consequence of a preference being shewn to my youngest girl, whose gay and lively disposition rendered her a favourite with the Reverend Pastor, whose gravity upon some occasions would unbend.

Though our guest would expatiate for hours upon the duty of *self-denial*, yet he certainly had not the slightest objection to the good things of this life; and during the nine weeks he remained an inmate of my family, there was more devastation committed amongst the poultry than had occurred in as many years. My port, and old October, were no less sufferers: he was what is generally known by the appellation of a *three bottle man*; or, in other words, he could drink that quantity of the produce of Oporto, without being obliged to be carried to bed.

I love a cheerful glass as well as any man, Mr. Editor, because I think it animates the spirits, and opens the heart; but what enjoyment could I derive from the conversation of a being, who would maintain his own opinion in opposition to common sense? The laws of hospitality alone prevented me from desiring this unpleasant mortal to leave my house; for it was evident to me, that he protracted his visit merely for the sake of what he ate and drank. I understood from his servant, a lad about eighteen, that his master's life had twice been endangered by apopletic fits; and the moment my wife was made acquainted with this circumstance, she determined

to

to lose no time in accomplishing her views. By an obsequious attention to all his wants and wishes, she had ingratiated herself into his regard; and by the deference which she paid to the superiority of his judgment, she raised his self-importance to the highest extreme. A mutual confidence was the result of this intercourse; a new will in favour of my family was made; and my wife and daughters were invited to pass a month with the Reverend Doctor D——

Of the nature of this new will I was kept in total ignorance, until after the doctor had taken his leave; but my wife was so elated with the prospect of expected riches, that the secret burst from her lips, in spite of the resolution which had been made. The moment I was made acquainted with the circumstance, I felt it a duty incumbent upon me to write to Doctor D——, for the purpose of representing to him the competent state of my family, and imploring him not to be guilty of an act of injustice to a young man to whom he was so nearly allied. Satisfied in having acted thus disinterestedly, Mr. Editor, I was enjoying that gratification which conscious rectitude of intention imparts, when an express arrived, to inform me that, previous to the receipt of my letter, the being to whom it was addressed, had suddenly expired. A post-chaise and four soon conveyed me to the rectory: every paper had been ransacked, and the will was already found inclosed in an envelope, which informed the parties, that in my wife's possession was deposited the counterpart. The first idea which struck me, was to resign all pretension in favour of the lawful heir; but this, upon investigating the testament, I soon discovered was not in my power; for though, as the husband of Mrs. Heartwell, I was the responsible person, yet the property devolved to my children after her decease.

What right, therefore, had I to deprive them of an independence? I merely had the power of acting

as

as a trustee; still, the thought of the mortification the lawful heir would experience, gave me a pang not easily described. His conduct upon the occasion, however, soon diminished this sensation: he uttered imprecations more horrid than imagination can conceive; accused me of having prejudiced him in the opinion of his uncle; and swore the letter which I have mentioned, was written after I was made acquainted with the event. One of the doctor's friends, a gentleman whose character is highly respectable, informed me, that this nephew was one of the most abandoned of men; and that, though the deceased was not of a disposition to conciliate general esteem and affection, yet, to this undeserving young man, he had proved himself a sincere friend; and that he had actually married a woman of notorious character, merely for the purpose of mortifying the patron who supplied him with daily bread.

Though this account produced a revolution in my sentiments respecting the propriety of retaining a fortune so unexpectedly acquired, still I represented to my wife, that I thought it a duty incumbent upon her, to make some provision for this unprincipled young man; and, in compliance with my wishes, she offered to settle an annuity upon him of an hundred and fifty pounds a year. This donation was offered without ostentation, but was rejected with an insolence which it would be difficult for language to paint; in consequence of which, my wife came into the immediate possession of eight hundred a year.

An indiscriminating mind might probably imagine, that such an unexpected influx of fortune was a most desirable event; but, from the moment my family became *independent*, I have been, Mr. Editor, a truly unhappy man. Even a mechanical machine requires some principal wheel to conduct its motions: no family can be well regulated without a head; but the independence mine have acquired through the capricious liberality of a stranger, has proved the bane of

domestic

domestic peace. My fortune, though not large, was sufficient to gratify all my wishes: the cultivation of my farm afforded occupation both to body and mind; and though my wife had rather too much pride, yet she did not suffer it to interfere with her domestic duties, but superintended the dairy, the poultry, and the pigs.

What a revolution has taken place in the small space of time I have mentioned! Butter, eggs, and chickens, are now below every female of the family's care. And though my hen-house is robbed, and my dairy neglected, I am scarcely allowed the privilege of complaint. But this, Mr. Editor, is but a small part of my grievances: this acquisition of fortune has actually turned my girls' heads; and I begin to fear their hearts are affected, for they no longer treat me with duty or respect. My wife, I must acknowledge, is more blameable than my daughters, for putting notions of gentility into their heads; and impressing them with an idea, that young ladies of independent fortune, would be degraded by a knowledge of household affairs. As to custards, pies, and puddings, which my girls both excelled in making, they are now submitted to the manufactory of the dairy-maid; for their time is taken up with a music and *gibberish* master; though the sight of the latter I perfectly detest. Remonstrance was vain upon this occasion; for my wife, fearing her own arguments would not be able to conquer my antipathy against Frenchmen, called in a whole host of friends; and I was so completely overpowered by the volubility of the *'Squire's* and the *Rector's ladies*, that, to avoid the torrent which overwhelmed me, I gave a reluctant consent.

My daughters, who were excellent horse-women, and fond of the healthful exercise, must now, forsooth, have a *carriage* to ride out; as they have just discovered, that being exposed to the open air is injurious to their complexions; and that holding a bridle makes their hands rough. Accompanying my girls

girls in this exercise, Mr. Editor, used to form one of my chief gratifications: the rides round my farm are more beautiful than you can conceive; and in admiring the picturesque prospects around us, our thoughts naturally were directed towards the great Author of all good. Whatever the Squire's lady does, is now a model for my family: it was but last Sunday my elder daughter declared herself unable to walk to church: fortunately, however, her mother's respect for the clergy induced her to issue a positive command.

I was always, Mr. Editor, a passionate lover of music; and many a happy hour have I enjoyed in accompanying my wife and daughters in catches and glees; but the impertinent puppy of a music-master has laid his commands upon them, never to attempt singing but by note. I, who know not the slightest difference between a minim and a semiquaver, am no longer permitted to bear a part: or if I am resolved to indulge the whim, and insist upon their accompanying me, they stop in the middle of the song, and declare I put them out.

Thus, Mr. Editor, you perceive that, through this unwished-for addition of fortune, I am beggared of every rational enjoyment I possessed: yet I fear there is a still greater portion of unhappiness in store for me, in consequence of the total alteration of sentiments which has taken place in my deluded girls. Every affectionate person looks forward to the establishment of his children: mine are at present certainly too young to enter into the marriage state; still I had formed plans in my own idea, which I flattered myself time would bring into life. Peggy, my elder daughter, (who, by the bye, is in future to be styled Margaret,) evidently testified a partiality for a neighbouring farmer's son, whose amiable disposition, and uncorrupted manners, render him deservedly beloved. His father's estate joins my property; he will inherit a fortune of near five hundred a year; but since this acquisition of wealth, my

daughter's

daughter's conduct is so altered, that I am astonished the young fellow ever condescends to enter the house.

The Squire's son, who has lately returned from Oxford, takes every opportunity of lowering poor Edward in her eyes; and, by ridiculing virtues which ought to excite admiration, he has produced a total revolution in her mind. This young man is one of those dissipated characters whose society is as dangerous as an infectious disease; for I consider the breath of a libertine as much to be dreaded as a Siroc blast, or an Egyptian desart's breeze. The pervading power of independence has acquired such an influence in my family, that I am no longer considered as its head; and though I treat this young spark with the most pointed inattention, yet he has not sensibility enough to take an offence. My wife and daughters, I allow, compensate for my want of civility: an alteration in their mourning could not even take place without consulting the taste of the squire: in short, I plainly perceive a scheme is in agitation, which, if accomplished, would prove the ruin of my fortune, and the destruction of my peace.

For the follies of youth I can make every allowance; but where there is a total want of religious principles, there must be corruption of heart; and though in my wife's presence this young man does not openly profess atheistical sentiments, yet amongst his licentious associates, they are his general boast.

The Lady's Magazine, and the Monthly Museum, have long afforded entertainment to my wife; and as she does not seem sensible of the uneasiness the alteration in my domestic establishment has given me, she may be recalled to a sense of her duty by the simple statement I have made; and those persons who vainly imagine that riches have the power of conferring happiness, may, from the circumstances I have related, discover their mistake.

I am, Sir,

Your sincere Admirer,

GEORGE HEARTWELL.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

BEING an encourager and constant reader of your very useful Publication, which is justly said to be appropriated to the valuable purpose of instructing and entertaining the fair sex, permit me, in my present perplexing situation, to solicit your advice in a matter in which my happiness is particularly concerned for the remainder of my life. The events of it hitherto, I shall candidly lay before you; and hope your goodness will excite you to take my unfortunate case into your serious consideration. Having said thus much, Sir, by way of engaging your attention, I shall immediately proceed in my short history, which is as follows.

My infancy was entrusted to the care of an antiquated aunt, and a superannuated uncle, who, having never submitted to the silken bands of Hymen, had contracted all the humours and caprice natural to those who exist only for themselves. As they could never agree in any one thing, it may well be supposed, that my education was but indifferently managed: the lady insisted on my unceasing attention to the classics; and the gentleman thought it was but reasonable that I should attend with diligent assiduity to my knitting. I led but an indifferent life till I arrived at the age of fifteen, when, notwithstanding my profound veneration for their years and wisdom, I could not be blind to their contrariety of opinions; and so, from discovering that both could not be right, I very soon concluded that both were wrong, and accordingly adopted the resolution of taking my own way.

I now turned my thoughts towards that goal for which we women are originally destined; and, having taken warning by my aunt's fate, I determined to exert my industry, and avoid a similar one. My first attack was on a gentleman, whom my uncle introduced

troduced to us under the brilliant appellation of an ambassador. My aunt, as usual, spread her snares; but I was the more active, and would certainly have brought him to a declaration, when I unfortunately asked him, one morning, whether he was a Spanish or a Dutch ambassador? He stared in amazement, and very candidly owned, that he was merely a fustian ambassador, or traveller for a manufactory. Disappointed as I was, I could not resolve to dismiss him: but my aunt having discovered some sly looks between him and a favourite maid, she watched them close, and, ascertaining her suspicions, she rang them such a peal with her tongue, that they both decamped with all possible celerity.

My courage, however, was not damped. I went with my aunt to see a play that was performed in our town by a parcel of strollers: the manager exerted his endeavours for our accommodation; and my aunt, who never suffered an opportunity of conquest to escape her, was very liberal of her glances and acknowledgments. Whether he saw that I was equally obliging, or whether he wanted a good dinner, and comfortable abode, I know not, but certain it was, that he waited on us next morning, and, while he kissed my aunt's hand in pretended rapture, he squeezed mine with such a tender pressure, that my heart surrendered to my hopes; and we certainly should have been married, had I not heard, by mere accident, that he had two wives already. He was dismissed with opprobrium by my aunt, and with tears by me, which, however, were soon dried up by an officer who called himself captain; though, in fact, he was but a serjeant, and came among us to recruit. I was very willing to enlist under his banners, and made the utmost exertions to bring about a capitulation, which I had no doubt of concluding on honourable terms, when he was arrested on a charge of having purloined the public money, and lodged in the county gaol. I was very sorry, indeed,

deed, but considered the folly of useless grief, and soon commenced a new attack upon the apothecary, to whom I recommended myself by making him a present of a pair of knit gloves. The families became very intimate; but my poor dear aunt and he had a medical dispute: she insisted that plain water was bad for the stomach; and he sneeringly agreed that, to ladies of her standing, it was certainly more wholesome when well qualified: she flew into a violent passion, reviled him in the bitterest terms, and from that time he never was admitted into our house. I did not, however, despair of success, till he, having administered a sleeping potion to a patient who never awoke, the poor doctor was obliged to abscond, to avoid a prosecution. I could not help bewailing myself as very unfortunate; but immediately set about repairing the breach in my heart, by procuring a new lover. I now soared very high indeed. A fine, elegant gentleman, who came down to our country to electioneer, drove up to our door in a phaeton and four: we were all in commotion from this phenomenon; but what was our surprise, and my ecstacy, on finding that the great crimson bed was put to air, and the chamber well scoured out for his use! I called up all my charms, (though, between you and me, there were none to spare,) and was determined to eclipse my aunt, who had her yellow paduasoy shortened in the waist, and otherwise altered to the fashion. I soon found that I made a rapid progress in his affections; for, though he was equally civil to my aunt, and she, good woman! flattered herself with being the chosen fair, yet I could perceive that he sighed for me; and, besides, he kissed me twice, and her only once. Well, Sir, the election came on—there were balls every evening during the poll, and he insisted on opening them with me. I was now certain of happiness beyond my most sanguine hopes. I rejected the proffered civilities of all other competitors for the honour of

my hand in the dance, and was exalted to the highest pinnacle of self-exultation: the election went forward, and, through the interest of my uncle, was carried by my lover. He returned to our house to make his acknowledgments for the service. I waited, ready dressed, in eager expectation of being called down. I planned over what answers I should make to his solicitations; for I entertained no doubt, but that his principal business was to offer me his heart and hand; when, lo! he drove off; and, on enquiry, I found that he had not even asked for me; and that he was, besides, engaged to a young lady with a great fortune and a title, and I know not what else.

I own to you, Sir, I was heartily vexed at this information—all my airy castles tumbled down: but, said I, on reflection, What's the use of fretting? there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught; and I spread my net accordingly. A young clergyman came down to take possession of our curacy: he was handsome and polite; but it was a long time before I could flatter myself with having made any impression, till at length I perceived he began to droop, and grow pale and melancholy. I now believed that I had succeeded in engaging his affections, and was confirmed in my opinion, by hearing him one day, when he thought nobody was present, mutter to himself, "Oh, Fortune! Fortune!"

I determined that should not be any obstacle to our union; and thought it most advisable, though contrary to custom, that I should give him a hint accordingly; but a few days after, he came with a joyful countenance, and told us, that he was going off immediately to London, whither he had been summoned by the father of a young lady to whom he had been attached from his infancy, and that the old gentleman had consented to make them happy. He went away in the highest spirits, and left me, alas! very low indeed! But, thought I, "Sure if I cannot get the parson, perhaps I may the clerk." No sooner said

said than done. I commenced the attack by begging him to instruct me in the singing of Psalms, in which I made a wonderful progress, and looked for nothing less than an offer of his hand, when our exciseman died, and my dear clerk married his widow. Well, thought I, the seventh is the charm; years are going over, and I have no time to lose: I now commenced a spirited attack on the heart of a Yorkshire grazier. This was certainly the most difficult undertaking I had ever attempted; I could get neither a civil word or look, when luckily an expedient suggested itself to my imagination, which proved successful; this was to get one of the servants to inform him that my uncle was immensely rich, and intended to make me his heir: the story was probable enough, as the old gentleman had no relatives in the wide world but my aunt and myself, and my Yorkshire swain proceeded to the question. He obtained my consent; and went in eager expectation to solicit my uncle's, when he found the good old man lying on the floor, in an apoplectic fit, in which he soon expired; and, on opening the will, it was discovered, that the sum he had left me was too small to gratify the expectations of my interested lover. I now found, that with my uncle, I had lost a husband; for he immediately set off for Yorkshire, exulting in his good fortune, in not having said any thing to me in the presence of a witness, by which I could recover damages. This, Sir, was my last trial of skill. And the number of disappointments I have met with has so disheartened me, that, I must candidly confess, unless you can point out to me, some more eligible method of getting a husband, than any of those I have pursued, I fear I must remain single during the whole period of existence.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

PATIENCE GRIZZLE.

THE LITERARY TRIBUNAL.

"*Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.*"

Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess. Crown 8vo. 2 Vols. pp. 330, and 403. 12s. Boards.

Rumour ascribes these volumes to a literary lady of celebrity, (Mrs. Hannah More,) and internal evidence inclines us to credit the assertion. The achievement here attempted is indeed arduous, and one in which it would not be wholly inglorious to succumb; since the work undertakes to prescribe the studies and relaxations, the sentiments and the habits, which shall best form the mind, and model the conduct, of a young personage born to the highest destinies. For the enterprising heroine who has volunteered this bold undertaking, we can safely say that, if she be chargeable with omissions, she steers for the most part clear of errors; and that she neither inculcates any maxims, nor enjoins any rule of action, which wisdom and virtue do not sanction. It is impossible not to respect the views and applaud the intentions of the fair monitor. If her genius less transcends, and if she commands not the same extent of knowledge, she writes in the spirit at least of Fenelon, and has in view the same benevolent design: for the aim of her labors is to form a patriot Princess, whom she exhorts to found her glory and her greatness on the happiness and love of her subjects.

Monthly Review.

Adeline Mowbray; or, the Mother and Daughter; a Tale in Three Volumes. By Mrs. Opie. 12mo. 13s. 6d.

Many productions of the present author are well known, not only to us, but to the public. Of the present, we shall speak with all the impartiality that mortal critics can muster in such cases. The story of this novel may be thus briefly comprised. Adeline, naturally amiable, but neglected in early life, becomes tinctured with the principles of modern philosophy, principles which seem to be rapidly sinking to the oblivion they so well deserve; of these, contempt of marriage is one of the most prominent, and Adeline forms a compact with herself never to marry;—thus, neither vicious nor depraved, by uniting herself with *Glenmurray*, by whose writings

writings she had been deceived, or, as she states it, *convinced*, she subjects herself to the imputation of vice and depravity. From the consequent difficulties of such a situation the main interest arises. *Glenmurray*, less obstinately attached to his opinion, and far more reasonable in his requests, constantly, though vainly, solicits her to give him the title of a legal protector; but she acts from conviction, she pleads his own arguments, and finally compels him to desist.

Glenmurray declines in health, and on his death-bed obtains from Adeline something like a promise to marry his relation, who had given proofs of a sincere and virtuous attachment. Finding herself still pursued by ignominy and disgrace, she makes all the atonement in her power, by acknowledging her mistake, and reluctantly consents to become the wife of Berrendale, whose ardour of affection soon subsides, and who at last deserts her with circumstances of aggravated cruelty and injustice. Broken down by sorrow and affliction, she retires to her native place, obtains a reconciliation with her mother, and dies shortly after, when the history is abruptly concluded. *British Critic.*

The Crisis; or, the Progress of Revolutionary Principles; a Poem, by William Peebles, D. D. 8*vo.* 6*s.* 6*d.*

We have before seen and admired a poem with this title, and dictated by the same patriotic ardour, by Mr. Maurice; and this also by Dr. Peebles is entitled to much commendation. The poem, which is addressed to the Earl of Eglinton, opens with a prospect of the threatened invasion, and proceeds to detail circumstantially the progress of the present revolution, from the destruction of the Bastile to the renewal of the present war. It is comprised in three books, and an appendix is added, containing miscellaneous notes illustrative of the main subject. The poem might in some respects deserve a place among our leading articles.

British Critic.

Thoughts on the Trinity; By George Isaac Huntingford, D. D. F. R. S. Warden of Winchester College, and Bishop of Glocester. 8*vo.* 116 *pp.* 3*s.*

Great is the advantage produced, in a subject of this nature, by the concise and distinct clauses into which it is divided; by assisting the memory, and giving frequent opportunity for reflection, and examination of authorities. The clauses or sections are ninety-eight in number: the greater part of them confined to a page, or half a page, or even less; after each of which the reader may conveniently pause, and weigh the position laid down, with the utmost attention of his mind. This is the way, if any can be, to see the subject clearly, and to proceed in it without danger of mistake. *British Critic.*

The Nobility of the Heart; a Novel. By Elizabeth Isabella Spencer; Author of Helen Sinclair. Three Volumes. 12mo.

To those who read all novels, we do not scruple to recommend the present, both for the entertainment and instruction which it affords; the incidents are well conducted, and the attention sufficiently kept alive to the conclusion. There are some few typographical errors, which are to be laid to the charge of the editor, rather than to the respectable writer of these volumes, during whose absence from town they were presented to the public.

Critical Review.

Alfred and Galba; or the History of two Brothers; supposed to be written by themselves. For the Use of young People. By T. Campbell. 12mo. p. 174. 2s.

Mr. Campbell has before deserved well of the rising generation, by his amusing and instructive stories. The present volume will increase his reputation in the little world. *Monthly Mirror.*

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Correspondence, of Sir William Jones. By Lord Teignmouth. pp. 531. 4to.

This elaborate and elegant publication commences with a short sketch of the life of Mr. William Jones, father to the subject of the Memoirs. He appears to have been a mathematician of considerable eminence, and his correspondence with Mr. Cotes, of which a part is preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, proves him to be well acquainted with Halley, Newton, and other great and distinguished characters of the time.

Mr. Jones died in 1749, just as his son had completed his third year. His widow, a woman of unusual accomplishments, and of whom it is not easy to speak in appropriate terms of praise, amply supplied his loss, and, by a judicious system of tuition, instilled into his infant mind, that thirst of information, which "strengthened with his strength," and to which his celebrity must, in no inconsiderable degree, be attributed. *Anti-jacobin Review.*

Rhymes on Art; or the Remonstrance of a Painter: in Two Parts. With Notes and a Preface, including Strictures on the State of the Arts, Criticism, Patronage, and public Taste. By Martin Archer Shee, R. A. 8vo. pp. 140. 5s. Boards.

We shall not say to Mr. Shee, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, or "Mr. Artist, keep to your canvass;"—we cannot reproach him for being

'a truant from the pencil to the lyre,' since his skill in the management of both is indisputable. Very few of the moderns have cultivated the Muse with more striking success; and whether we regard the vigor of his conceptions, the appositeness of his metaphors, the elegance of his expression, or the nerve and flow of his verse, the author of the Rhymes on Art needs not shrink from a comparison with our most respectable existing writers. His poetry is not thin and flimsy, but may be compared to fine painting, in which a body of colour is used, and the figures protrude from the canvass in the boldest projections. *Monthly Review.*

The Poetical Works of the Author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, 12*mo. pp.* 127 4*s.* 6*d.*

The intrinsic merit of these poems certainly entitled them to collection and re-publication. We were surprised, however, to find Mr. Almon, the Editor, entirely silent in his Preface on the name of "the Author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers." At this period of time, when "the frown of power" is no longer to be dreaded, and when Mr. Mant, in his Life of Thomas Warton, has clearly shewn that the Epistle was the production of Mason, there was, assuredly, no further occasion for mystery.

The contents of these sheets are, besides the *Heroic Epistle* and a *Postscript*, an *Ode to Mr. Pinchbeck*, an *Epistle to Dr. Shebbeare*, an *Ode to Sir Fletcher Norton*, and *The Dean and the Squire*, to Soame Jenyns, Esq. all of which have afforded, and will long afford, amusement to the admirers of lively wit and poignant satire. The Public is much indebted to Mr. Phillips for publishing them in this convenient form. *Monthly Mirror.*

The Reign of Fancy; a Poem. With Notes, Lyric Tales, &c. By the Author of the "Pleasures of Nature." *Small* 8*vo. pp.* 179. 5*s. Boards.*

"The thoughts contained in the following poem," says the author in his preface, "were thrown together in the Spenserian stanza, and intended to have been published as the third and last part of the "Pleasures of Nature," (a poem written under happier auspices,) and meant to convey some faint expressions of those refined enjoyments that human nature is capable of acquiring in the bosom of science and domestic felicity."

Our readers will probably recollect the favorable notice which we gave of Mr. Carey's "Pleasures of Nature," alluded to above. We must, however, congratulate him on the alteration of his plan; as well for making the present an entire and distinct poem, as for adopting the heroic verse, in preference to the Spenserian stanza. Dr. Beattie, and one or two other modern writers, have, indeed, given proof, that the latter is capable of every beauty and elegance of poetry; but its structure is admitted, by all, to be extremely difficult,

difficult, and the shackles which it imposes are not easily overcome. In addition to this, it may be observed, that every poet is not in possession of the commanding powers of Spenser or of Beattie; and that every reader is not capable of appreciating the merit, or of enjoying the beauty, of the Spenserian stanza.

Anti-jacobin Review.

A Supplement to the Account of the Pelew Islands, compiled from the Journals of the Panther, and the Endeavour, two Vessels sent by the Honourable East India Company to those Islands in the Year 1790, *and from the oral Communications of Captain H. Wilson. By the Rev. J. P. Hockin, M. A.* 4*to.*

In the fate of poor Lee Boo, all our readers have been interested. The distresses of the father have been sung in plaintive verse, whilst they, who indulged less in flights of fancy, lamented that no means were taken to convey intelligence to the innocent inhabitants of the Pelew Islands, and to communicate to them the improvements of civilization. Both classes will derive information from the work before us; and if the poet feels little satisfaction that many of his imaginary woes vanish into thin air, the friend of humanity will rejoice, that many substantial comforts have been gratefully received by the natives of the Pelew Islands, with whom the English name will for ever remain in honour and veneration.

Critical Review.

Edwy and Bertha; or the Force of Connubial Love. By John Corry. 12*mo.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

The period to which this historical romance refers was that of the ninth century, when the renowned Alfred sat on the English throne. Edwy distinguished himself as a warrior in the struggles between the English and the Danes: but at length, in a fatal contest, he was subdued, and made their prisoner. The scene of his confinement in a dungeon at York, gives occasion to the writer to display the force of connubial love, in the tender interview between Edwy and Bertha. While the former is here awaiting the summons of the executioner, Alfred arrives, and triumphs in his turn over the Danes. Edwy is saved: but the sudden transition from sorrow to joy is too powerful for Bertha, and she expires on hearing the news. It may be easily supposed that, from such interesting events, much sensibility may be excited by a skilful author; and such is certainly the effect produced in the present instance.

Monthly Review.

The

The Life of C. G. Lamoignon Malesherbes, formerly First President of the Court of Aids, &c. Translated from the French by E. Mangin. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

We could make several extracts with pleasure from this little piece of biography; but our limits permit us only to recommend the whole, as an exhibition of one of those rare characters, whom neither the 'vultus instantis tyranni,' nor the 'civium ardor prava jubentium,' can deter from truth and justice. We cannot, however, deny ourselves the insertion of one anecdote of Lewis XVI. A little before his trial, having requested Malesherbes, who it seems was a *philosopher*, to speak to a priest to attend him in his confinement, he added: "This is a very strange errand for a philosopher! for I know you are one; but if you should suffer, as I have done, and be doomed to die as I must die, I wish you the same sentiments of religion with myself: they would console you much more than any *philosophy*." *Critical Review.*

The History of England, from the Accession of King George the Third to the Conclusion of Peace in the Year 1783. By John Adolphus, Esq. F. S. A. Second Edition, in 3 Vols. 8vo.

We descanted with great satisfaction on the numerous merits of the first edition of this skilful picture of a most interesting period of English History; and we are far from being surprised at seeing a work which comprises in it every excellence that belongs to the dignity and value of an historian, so speedily circulated through the country, and again committed to the press. Little was wanting to the perfection of Mr. Adolphus's labour, and that little has been supplied. *Monthly Mirror.*

The Bravo of Venice; a Romance, translated from the German, by M. G. Lewis. 8vo. pp. 350. 6s.

Time, which has increased our experience, has strengthened our resolution, and we are now able to turn over the leaves of a Germanico-terrific Romance with an untrembling hand, and to peruse its contents with unruffled attention, although our solitary chamber should be lighted by the glimmering of a single taper.

We are not acquainted with the original work, of which Mr. Lewis professes this to be a translation; but from the spirit of the performance, we can imagine that the German author has lost nothing by this change of dress. The history of the Bravo of Venice is interesting, the language glows with animation, and the *denouement* is rapid and surprising. It would not be fair to enter into an analysis of the story, as the mysteries of the tale would thereby be developed;

veloped, and the reader would be deprived of the pleasure which results from astonishment. It would be an act of injustice to the author, who stands in the predicament of a conjuror, and who would lose his power of exciting admiration, if his tricks were previously explained. *Critical Review.*

Reflections on Duelling. By Rowland Ingram, B. D. Master of Giggleswick School, and late Fellow of Sidney College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 104. 2s. 6d.

The benevolence which suggested these reflections is by no means disgraced by the intellectual powers of their writer. The unreasonableness and unlawfulness of the baneful and prevailing practice of duelling, are shewn by considerations drawn from the law of the land, from the precepts of the gospel, from the acknowledged principles of morals, and from the absurdities and evil consequences which attend it. The whole tract displays very considerable abilities; but we cannot commend the style in which it is composed. *Critical Review.*

A Father's Gift to his Children: consisting of Original Essays, Tales, Fables, Reflections, &c. By William Mavor, LL. D. Vicar of Hurley, Berks, and Chaplain to the Earl of Moira. In 2 Volumes.

This gift is, in every sense of the word, truly paternal, containing whatever is valuable or amiable for the mature to teach, and the juvenile to learn. In an advertisement annexed to the first volume, the ingenious writer has very truly observed, that "Few have written more than I have done for the use of young persons; or, let me thankfully add, with more uniform encouragement; and I desire no other epitaph to mark my grave, than—*Here lies "The Childrens' Friend."* *Monthly Mirror.*

A Statistical and Historical Inquiry into the Progress and Magnitude of the Population of Ireland. By Thomas Newenham, Esq. Author of several Political Tracts relative to Ireland. 8vo. pp. 358. 8s. Boards.

If it was observed, with too much justice, by high authority, that there was no country in Europe of which the English were more ignorant than of Ireland, we hope that this reproach is rapidly wearing out; and that the period is quickly approaching, in which we shall not be liable to it in any degree. With the laudable view of promoting so desirable an object, Mr. Newenham composed the work before us; in which the best motives and very creditable industry are displayed. *Monthly Review.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
27
17
JUN

WALKING DRESSES FULL DRESS

Published Sept.r 1.st 1804 by Vernor & Hood, Poultry.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

WALKING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.

A round Dress of plain Muslin. A Pelisse of pale Blue Muslin, trimmed with White Lace. Mob Cap of worked Muslin. Buff Gloves.

Fig. 2.

A Walking Dress of Cambric Muslin. A Shawl of worked Lace, with an Embroidered Border. White Beaver Hat, and White Ostrich Feather.

FULL DRESS.

Head fashionably Dressed, ornamented with a White Floss Feather, and Silver Leaves. Dress of Primrose Crape, Sleeves embroidered with Silver. White Gloves and Fan.

The Apollonian Wreath.

ELEGY.

ASTERIA ROCKING THE CRADLE.

BY G. DYER, B. A.

Late of EMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

'TIS fair Asteria's fond employ
To rock yon little restless boy:
How great a treasure does contain
That cradle, in its small domain!

Not all Arabia's spicy store,
Not all Golconda's glitt'ring ore,
Elysian fields, nor Eden's grove,
Could buy that little restless love.

Sweet babe! the fair Asteria cries:
Sweet babe! the list'ning Muse replies;
While here a faithful guard we keep,
Sweet babe! enjoy the honied sleep.

Now hush, the sobs! now hush, the cries!
Lo, gentle slumbers close his eyes!
And here a faithful guard we keep;
Sweet babe! enjoy the honied sleep.

Ere yon fair orb, that rules the sky,
Beam'd on that lovely infant's eye,
And ere it whimper'd, ere it wept,
Close in the silent womb it slept.

And

And who can tell the bitter smart
That pierc'd Asteria's trembling heart?
Yet sure there's magic in that boy,
That wakes the soft parental joy.

And still Asteria's languid face
Wears the pale primrose' sickly grace:
Yet o'er that face what brilliant hues
Can her beloved babe diffuse!

How sweet beside the cradle's brink,
In musing state, to sit and think!*
No daisy'd bank, no green hill's side,
So shines in Nature's decent pride.

Now see the babe unclose his eyes!
And see the mother's transport rise!
How ev'ry feature charms her sight!
How ev'ry motion wakes delight!

What rising beauties there she views!
The rosy lip, the polish'd nose,
The slender eye-brow budding thin,
The velvet cheek, the dimpling chin.

Anon she views the sparkling eye,
The lifted hand, the tuneful cry;
And hast'ning on through years to come,
She traces out his future doom.

"Haply he'll plead Religion's cause,
"Or weep o'er Freedom's bleeding laws;
"Or feel the Poet's sacred rage,
"Or trace the dark historic page."

Nor is so sweet the sweetest gale,
That breathes across the silent vale,
From myrtle grove, or garden's bloom,
As is the honied breath's perfume.

At length she breathes the pious pray'r:
"Great God, oh! make my child thy care!
"And may his future actions be
"Sacred to virtue, and to thee!

"Whatever fortune then betide,
"Thou shalt his portion still abide;
"And when the course of life is run,
"He'll wear a never-with'ring crown."

* With me the Muse shall sit and think,
At ease reclin'd in rustic state. *Gray.*

THE NEST OF ROBINS.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

I CHANC'D one beauteous morn in May
Across the flow'ry meads to stray,
T' inhale the fresh'ning breeze,
Emerging from the dusky deep,
Gay Phœbus now began to peep
O'er yonder lofty trees!

He spread his cheerful beams around;
The eastern sky with crimson crown'd,
Diffus'd a genial ray;
Glad Nature hail'd the blissful hour,
She felt the Sun's reviving pow'r,
Arose, and welcom'd Day!

The little songsters of the grove
Attun'd their artless notes to love
Around their infant care:
While side by side the parents sung,
Warm'd by the mother's wing—the young
Delight the happy pair!

A robin, simple, artless thing,
Had built, at each return of spring,
Within an aged oak;
Methought I'd wander there, and see
If once more of his fav'rite tree
He had possession took.

When to the spot I now drew nigh,
I heard the unfledg'd nestlings cry,
And hasten'd at th' alarm;
Alas! I there arriv'd too late
T' avert the little victims' fate,
Or rescue them from harm:

Wak'd to the pleasing task from rest,
The parent bird had left his nest,
To seek their frugal fare;
The mother stay'd to guard the brood,
Lest aught of mischief should intrude
Her young ones to ensnare.

Too

Too simple bird! thou couldst not know
How strong, how active, was thy foe,
  How vain thy care would be;
For prowling round, in search of prey,
An artful cat came by that way,
  And darted up the tree.

She sprang upon the harmless crew,
And forth the helpless suff'rers drew,
  Tearing away the nest;
Then from the tree descending fast,
Their trembling limbs devour'd in haste,
  By savage hunger prest.

But when the widow'd mate returns,
And this, their hapless fortune, learns,
  How will he moan and sigh!
Bereft of all his pride and care,
Straight to the wood he will repair,
  And there despairing—die!

Eltham. A. D.

THE MILLER'S WIFE.

AS Robin, the miller, trudg'd over the green,
And whistled a tune like a thrush or canary,
He met a young lass who beat all he had seen;
  He begg'd hard for her name, and she told him 'twas Mary.

Alas! honest Robin! his heart was beguil'd;
  'Twas too late now to wish he had acted more wary;
So he offer'd his service, while simply he smil'd,
  To conduct to her cottage the beautiful Mary.

With a blush she consented, and onward they sped;
  Robin strove, though she still the soft subject would vary,
To engage her affections, engage her to wed;
  Half afraid, and half willing, was beautiful Mary.

Before she got home, Robin's eloquence gain'd
  (Though the envious may call the poor damsel unwary)
A promise to marry, sincere and unfeign'd—
  In short, a few weeks made him master of Mary.

August 6th, 1805. T 3 J. M. L.

LINES

Written on an Eminence that commanded a distant View of the Village Tower near which the Friends of the Author resided.

AS from this height with eagerness I gaze,
Throughout the landscape's variegated maze;
Nor winding vale, nor sea, nor mountain blue;
Nor waving woods, that boast each mellow hue;
Nor taper spire, that with high tow'ring frown,
Shoots from the bosom of yon busy town;
Nor all the charms that deck the rural scene;
The dew-besprinkled mead, or upland green,
Can through my soul diffuse such magic power,
As the sweet glimpse of yonder village tower.
Here Fancy, take thy flight, creative maid,
Nor let kind Memory refuse her aid.
But why the aid of Memory invite?
Is not each scene still living in my sight?
Can time, with all its charm-dissolving pow'rs,
Destroy those past, yet still those blissful hours,
When Emma breath'd with me the fresh'ning air,
Emma, the generous, virtuous, and fair;
When Anna grac'd my side, retiring maid,
Of her own merits modestly afraid,
On whom kind Heav'n has shower'd genius, sense,
And heighten'd each with lovely diffidence?
But here, my Muse, a grateful tribute pay,
And blend the father in this common lay;
Praise him, good man! who, with kind fost'ring care,
Gave early bloom to plants so rich, so rare;
Made them imbibe, when Reason first took wing,
The purest draughts from Virtue's sacred spring:
To their ideas gave most ample range,
And nerv'd their minds for Fortune's either change;
Who bade the tear of sympathy to flow,
Prepar'd to start at ev'ry scene of woe;
Cherish'd that taste which Nature's self had giv'n,
The mind's best grace, the choicest gift of Heav'n.—
But hold, my Muse, nor still extend thy flight,
Lest fond affection bear thee out of sight,
Lest flattery appear to sound this praise,
And fulsome compliment disgrace my lays.
Fancy, to thee again I turn;—with thee
Imagination seems reality;
Things far remov'd, unseen, appear in sight,
And fill the soul with visions of delight;

Pleasures

Pleasures long past, again repeated o'er,
Appear with all their charms increas'd to more;
On thy swift wings I fly from place to place,
And spurn the thought of intervening space;
Mountains outstretch their rugged tops in vain,
Whene'er thou seek'st a favorite spot to gain.—
Thus led by sweet Imagination's power,
My soul now soars around that much-lov'd tower,
To that dear object in a moment flies,
For near that spot her darling treasure lies;
There longs to dwell; her native home seeks there,
Leaving this mortal frame to roam elsewhere.
Whilst musing thus, and lost from worldly view,
And all my thoughts, dear friends, are fix'd on you.
But faintly now the sun illumes the day,
And gilds yon tower with his last bright ray.
Adieu—quick come the gloomy shades of night,
And veil the beauteous prospect from my sight.

SN——B.

TO THE GLOW-WORM.

Written by a young Lady Thirteen Years of Age.

BRIGHT insect of a summer's night,
Thy dazzling beams soon catch the sight;
Yet shine but to betray;
For soon thy bright, delusive rays
Will fade before th' admiring gaze,
And disappear at day.

The nightly wand'rer on his way,
Perceives thy distant twinkling ray,
And thinks some friend is near;
Quickens his pace; but soon he finds
He's still expos'd to wintry winds,
And nought but prospects drear.

Thus beauty, with despotic sway,
May rule; may glare, may have its day,
And strike us with surprise:
Many are caught in snares well laid;
Yet beauty soon, alas! will fade,
Then unlamented dies.

M——. S——.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

Addressed to a Friend.

YOU say, my friend, you are afraid
That I the poetizing trade
Have quite forsaken;
And 'tis my notion, I confess,
'Twould prove a scanty one, unless
I'm much mistaken.

And yet, I own, there is a pleasure,
Tho' thoughts be e'er so poor—in measure
And rhyme to shew 'em—
To scribble lines, whose endings mingle
Like bells that in sweet cadence jingle,
And call't a Poem!

What tho' I am aware 'tis said,
A Poet's but a shabby trade,
I caren't a jot;
For if I do not make a trade on't,
All the abuse wise men have laid on't
Touches me not.

For tho' engag'd both soon and late,
There's always time to cogitate,
And 'tis not worse
Than on four catgut strings to strum,
Or read, or talk, or bite my thumb,
To scrawl a verse.

'Tis quite as good—that I'll maintain,
As squeezing into Drury-Lane,
Nigh crush'd to death,
To view Young Roscius stretch his throat,
In murd'ring what great Shakespeare wrote,
And gasp for breath!

For now no Garrick speaks—no Quin,
By genius fir'd, is heard within
Old Drury's walls,
Whose art could raise the starting tear,
Or freeze the blood—while deadly fear
The heart appals.

When,

When, too, Thalia smil'd to see
Mirth rule, and Sorrow made to flee,
By Clive or Pritchard;
Scenes such as these in vain we seek—
Now fools applaud while children squeak
Hamlet and Richard!

Not much more tempting can I call,
What Billington and Braham squall—
Past all expression!
Now quav'ring high—now rumbling low—
Now loud and swift—now soft and slow,
In quick succession!

Your *amateurs*—they think it fine—
Some rapt'rously exclaim, "Divine!"
Ere the conclusion;
Then thunder,—while Apollo stares,
Throws down his heav'n-strung lyre, and swears,
'Tis all confusion!

Yet mark how Nature's pow'rful sway
Can make e'en Fashion's slaves obey
Her sov'reign will;
Can triumph o'er the vain decree
By Folly giv'n, and make them be
Old-fashion'd still.

For 'tis so, if, 'midst shakes and quavers,
A strain is heard that sweetly savours
Of melody;
And Billington's bravura draws
Less frequent bursts of loud applause
Than Gramachree.

But here my verses needs must end,
Altho' again I may intend
To rhyme a while hence;
But now my pen's no ink to stock it—
My candle's flashing in the socket—
"The rest is silence!"

August, 1805. W. W.

EXTEMPORE.

Addressed to a young Lady who had sent a Present of some Preserves.

EACH one who tastes, must surely own,
Your hands *preserve* with skill;
Yet what avails it?—since 'tis known,
Your eyes as often *kill*.

THE

THE MOMENT'S MELANCHOLY.

LET others boast their happy hours,
And call my fancy folly;
I'll recollect, while blest with pow'rs,
The moment's melancholy.

Oh, in the very pride of mirth,
To feel dejection stealing
Softly upon our smiles, is worth
An age of gayer feeling.

I have been joyful with the rest,
In wine our sorrows steeping;
But were I ever wholly blest,
Ere long I should be weeping.

The merriest thought, the liveliest scenes,
When youth or love invite me,
Mingle with woe by secret means,
And pensively delight me.

Nor would I lose this dear relief
For countless heaps of treasure;
For if I must not taste of grief,
I ne'er shall taste of pleasure.

When social mirth, and wit refin'd,
Swell high the heart with gladness,
Oh then!—how soothing to the mind
Are thoughts of tender sadness!

Though smiles are sweet when lovers meet,
And yield to love's beguiling;
The girl I love looks far more sweet
Thro' tears enraptur'd smiling.

Ev'n then, though swift the minutes move,
These joys can equal never
The trembling ecstacy of love
And grief with which I leave her.

Then, oh, let others boast of hours
When all was gay and jolly;
I'll recollect, whilst I have pow'rs,
The moment's melancholy.

ENIGMA.

ENIGMA.

MY body is completely form'd;
I move, but cannot stand;
I never breath'd the vital air,
Yet live in every land.

Though eyes I have, and am not blind,
No object can I see;
The brightest day, and darkest night,
Are both alike to me.

I am not deaf—two ears I have,
And yet I never hear;
Though thunders roll, and earthquakes rend,
I'm still unmov'd with fear.

I ne'er was seen or heard, yet all
Mankind well know my frame;
'Tis often tried, yet none can fix
A proper Christian name.

None born of woman, without breath
Can live a single hour;
Yet I, to live without it, hours,
And days, and weeks, have power.

By some I lov'd and cherish'd am
With tenderness and care;
Object to some of deep disgust,
They dread lest I appear:

Yea oft I'm kill'd by those who ought
My dearest friends to prove:
Again, on my part, oft I kill
Whom most I ought to love.

Those culprits, by the law, to death
Are oft deliver'd o'er;
But I, instead of punishment,
Am often lov'd the more.

Whatever sorrows I inflict,
Unfeeling I remain;
And whether life or death I bring,
Nor pleasure find, nor pain.

"This

" This is some hideous monster, sure!
" Intruded on our view,"
Methinks you say; but when I'm known,
You'll find this is not true.

Your censures spare, for boldly I
Can plead in my defence;
I never yet transgress'd, but am
Emblem of innocence.

Yet not thereby from death exempt,
His hand I cannot fly—
Such is my fate—I ne'er was born,
And yet must surely die.

SOLUTION OF THE ENIGMA

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

A Man and Woman on the same Horse.

Correspondence, &c.

We wish we could have obliged the lady who signs Isabella, *(evidently not our old favorite correspondent under that signature;) but her too plain allusions to two young ladies in her neighbourhood, render it inadmissible. Such private effusions, either of love or friendship, may be very gratifying to the private circles in which the parties move, but want general interest.*

" Elegiac Lines," *by* M. P. *in our next.*